

GOLD
KEY

CAVE KIDS

STILL ONLY 12c

GE
HANNA-BARBERA

CAVE KIDS

10044-406

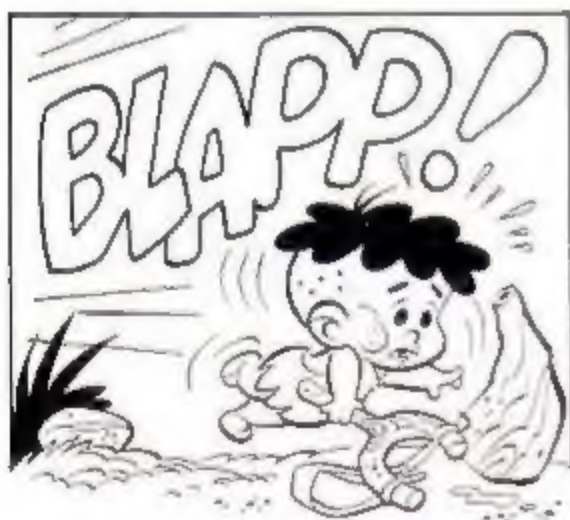
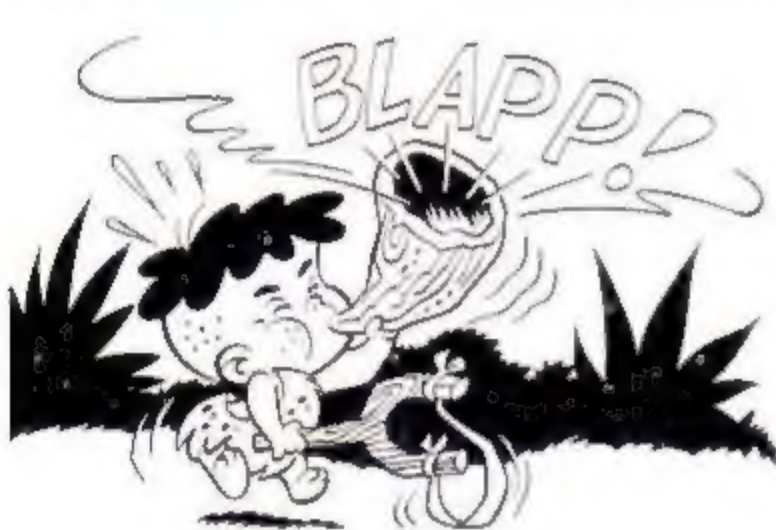
JUNE



Hanna-Barbera

CAVE KIDS

I'M GONNA GET ME
A BIG, LOUD, NOISY
BLAPPASAUROS!



CAVE KIDS

ALL FOR FAME AND FAME FOR ALL

SNORTASAURUS
DONATED BY
MR. McCLUB

MY, MR.
McCLUB WAS
A **BRAVE** MAN
TO CATCH THIS
BEAST!

THEN TOO...HE'S
GENEROUS TO
DONATE IT TO
THE ZOO!

EVERYBODY
WHO GIVES
ANIMALS
TO THE ZOO
IS FAMOUS!

SNORT!

SWAMPASAURUS
DONATED BY
O.O.O.O.O

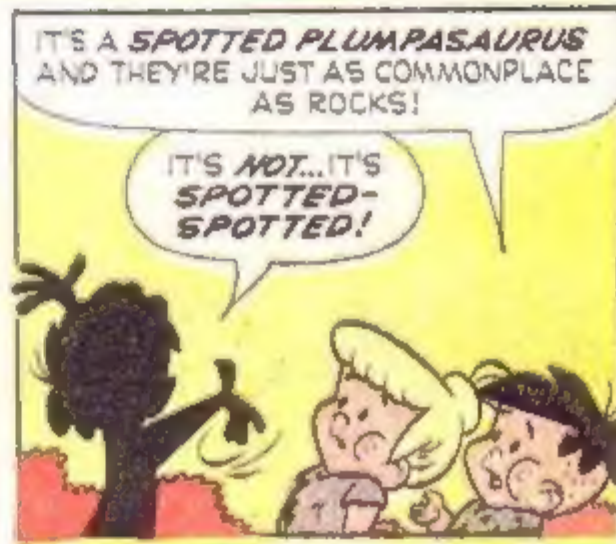
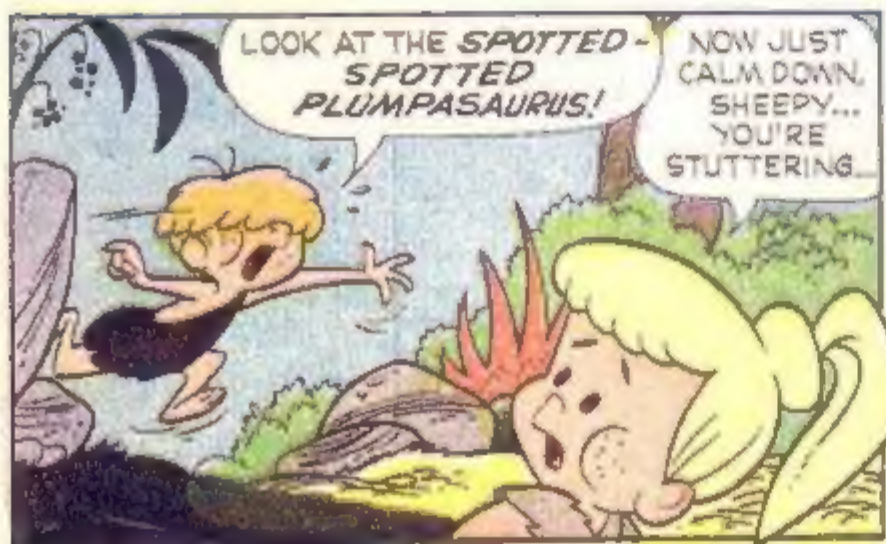
DON'T FEED
YOURSELF
TO THE
ANIMALS

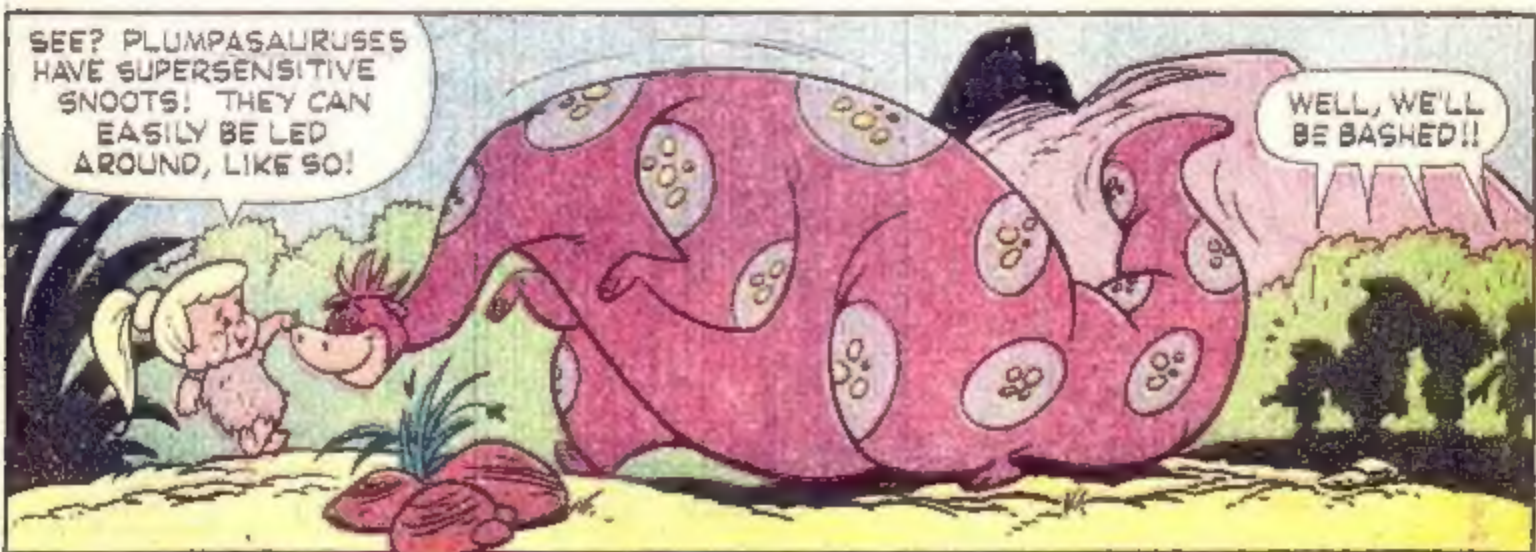
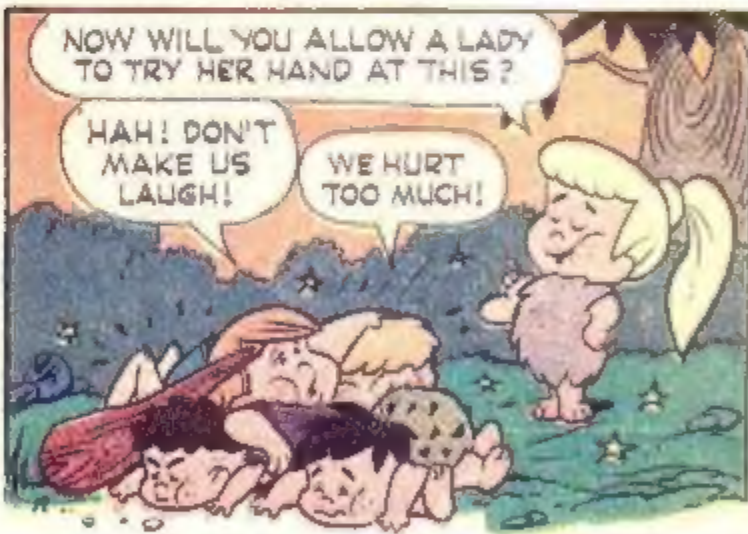
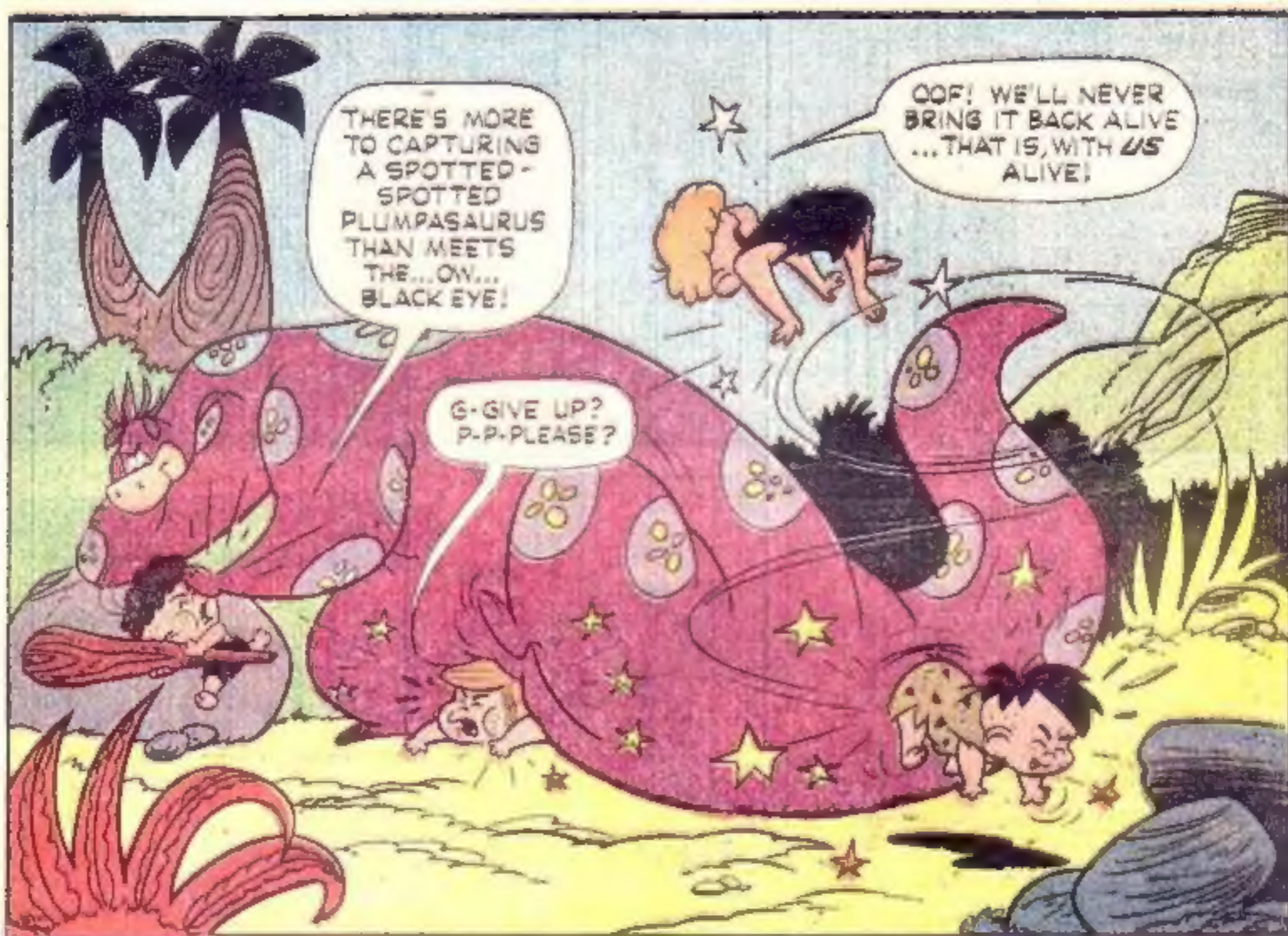
WELL...
I'M
THIRSTY
NOW!

ME,
TOO!

SAY, MR. KEEPER...
WHERE'S THE
DRINKING
FOUNTAIN?

ER...WE DON'T HAVE
ONE FOR **PEOPLE**!
THE ZOO BUILDERS
WERE THINKING ONLY
OF **ANIMALS** WHEN
THEY PLANNED
THIS PLACE!





AND SO...

YES, A SPOTTED-SPOTTED PLUMPASAUROS IS A MOST UNUSUAL SORTA SALRUS! THANKS TONS!

ZOO KEEPER

AND ON THE SIGN, PUT...DONATED BY THE CAVE KIDS!

I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEE IT IN PRINT!

FAMOUS US! HEH!

GET READY TO SIGN AUTOGRAPHS!

HEY! I'VE BEEN GYPPED!!

THE SPOTS UPON SPOTS *WASH OFF!* THIS IS JUST A *COMMON* SPOTTED PLUMPASAUROS!

TH-THEN WE DON'T GET OUR *NAMES* ON A SIGN?!

OH, YES, KIDS...YOU'LL GET YOUR NAMES ON A SIGN *SURE* ENOUGH...

So...

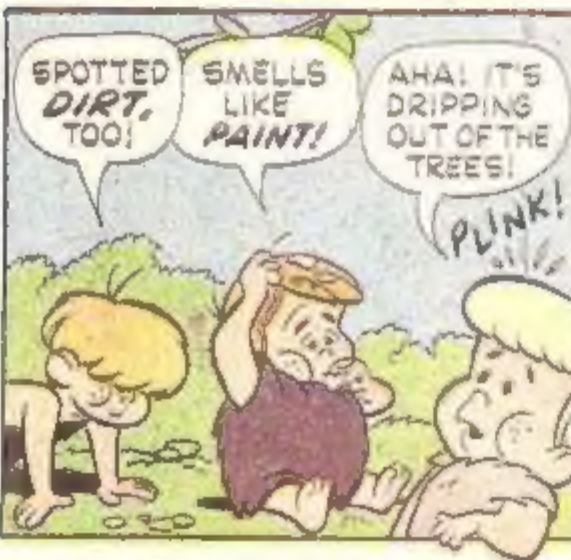
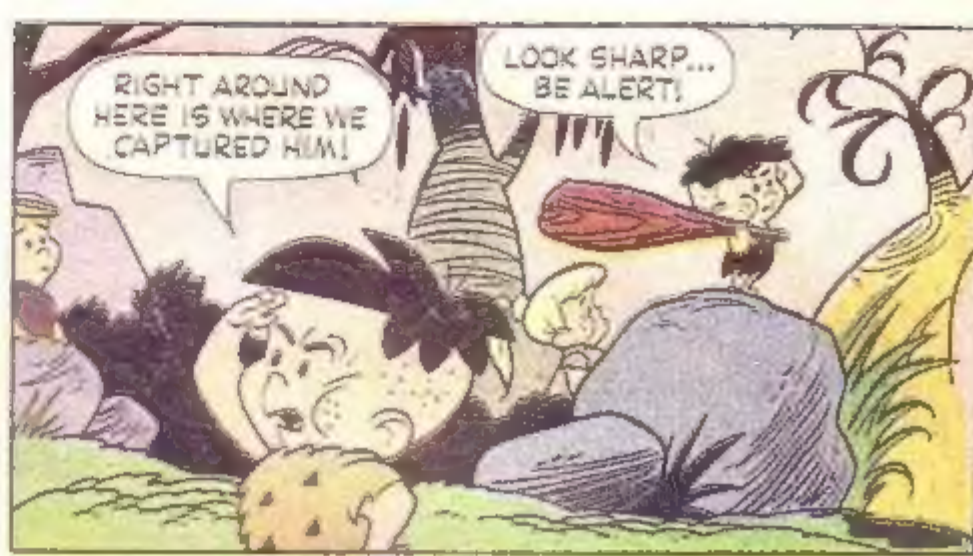
ZOO

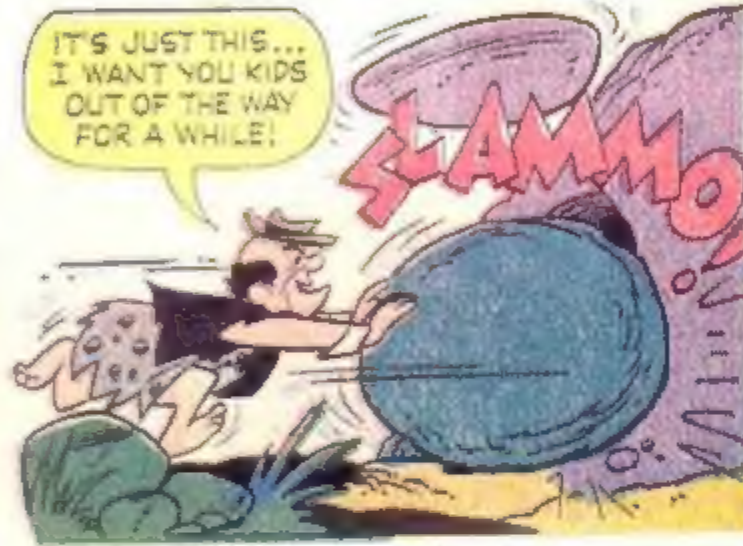
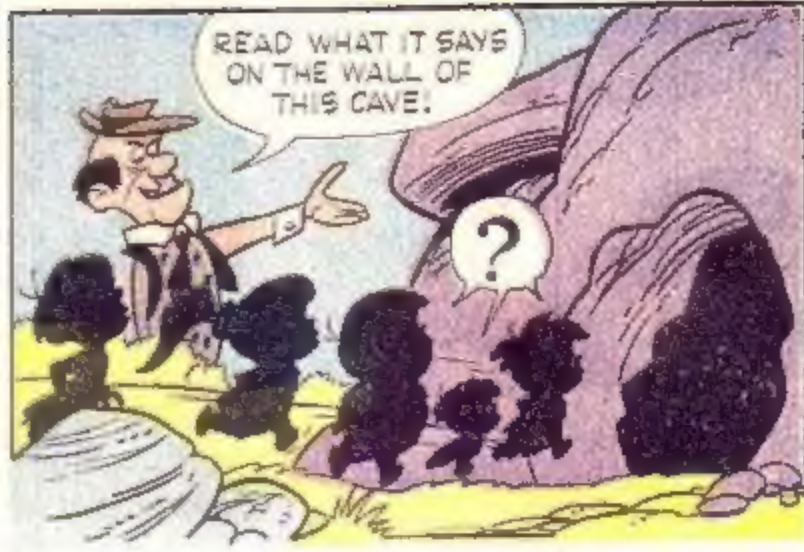
CAVE KIDS
KEEP OUT!

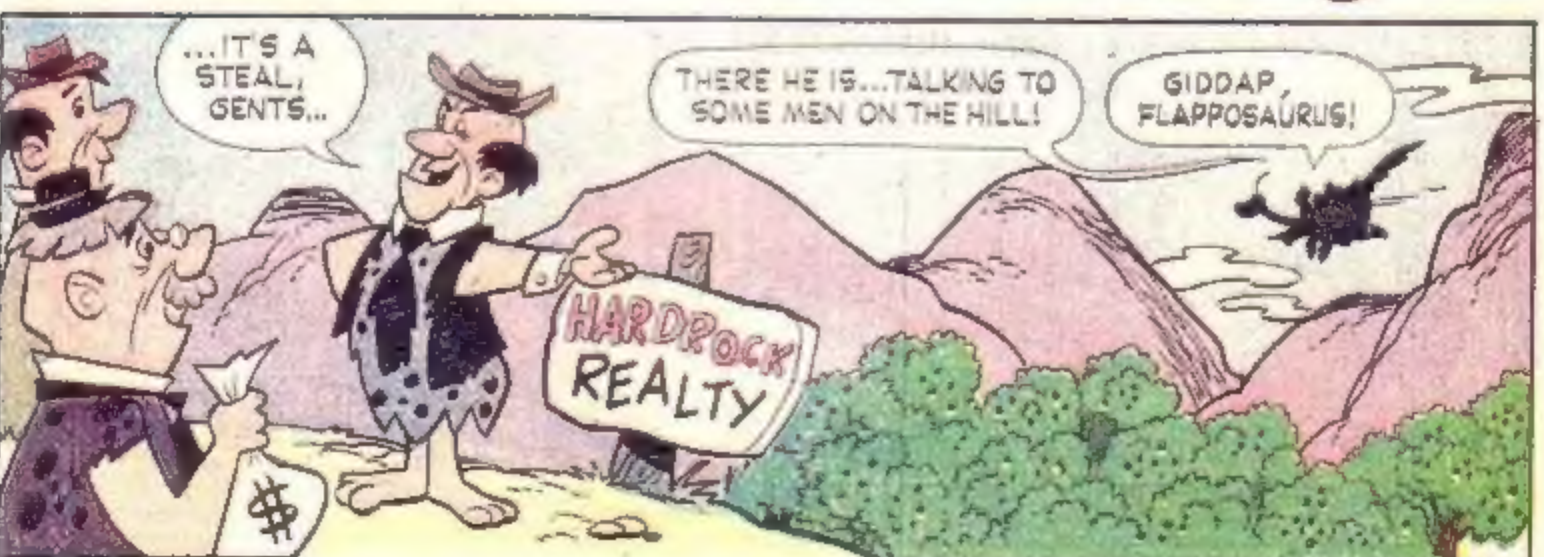
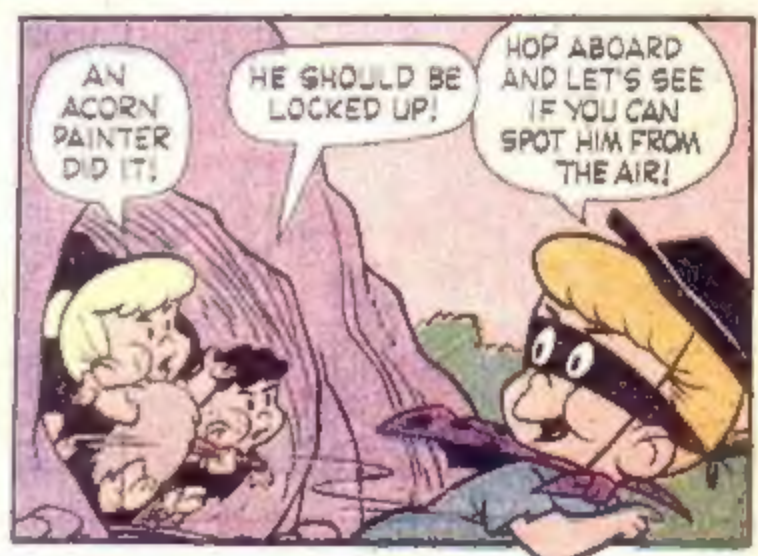
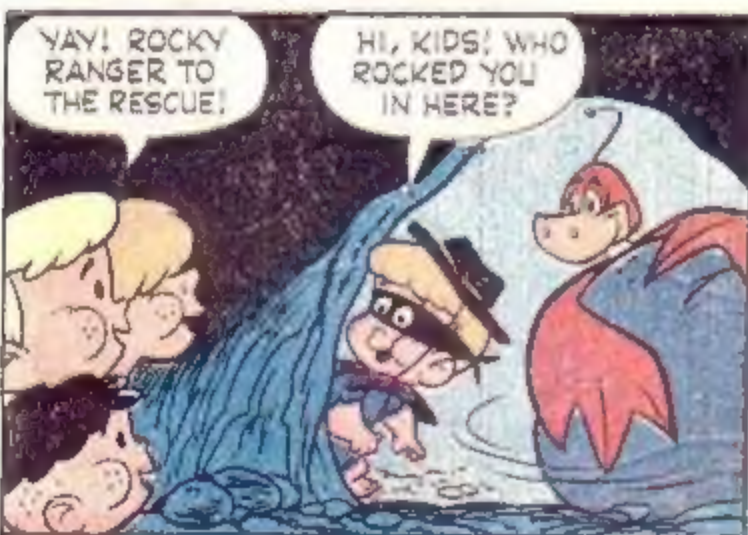
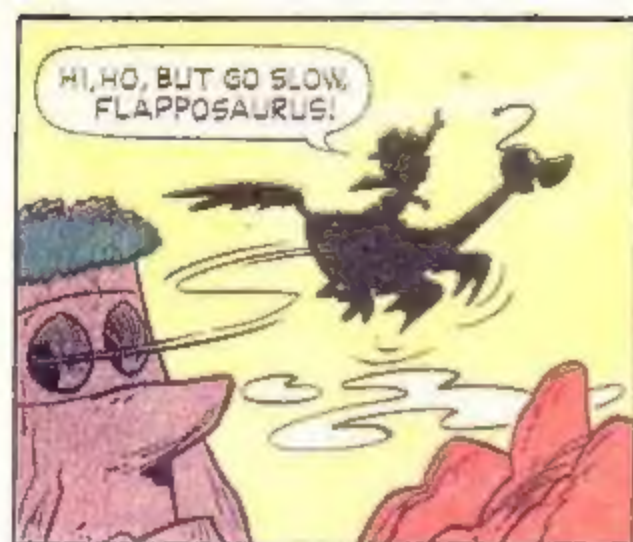
(SIGH!) INSTEAD OF FAMOUS, WE'VE BECOME *INFAMOUS!*

BUT WE'RE *INNOCENT!*

COME ON! LET'S CLEAR OUR NAMES!







NICE WORK, FLAPPOSAURUS!

HOW DARE YOU ?!?

ER ACTUALLY HIS WINGS JUST GAVE OUT UNDER THIS OVERLOAD!

I WAS JUST ABOUT TO BUY THOSE LEMON ORCHARDS WHEN YOU KIDS DROPPED IN...

SO THAT'S IT!

THOSE ARE JUST GIANT ACORNS THAT HE PAINTED YELLOW, SIR!

EEK! WHO WANTS AN ACORN ORCHARD? THE BIG CHEATER!

I'LL TURN HIM OVER TO THE POLICE...AND HERE, KIDS!

WOW! A SOLID GOLD-NOTE!

LET'S BUY LOT'SA SODAS 'N' STUFF!

HOLD IT! DON'T FORGET OUR MISSION...TO GAIN FAME AT THE ZOO!

BUT THAT'S A LOST CAUSE!

HMM...MAYBE NOT...SUPPOSE WE DONATE SOMETHING **OTHER** THAN AN ANIMAL TO THE ZOO?

AND SO...

SAY...THIS IS THE BEST THING ANYBODY EVER DONATED TO THE ZOO!

YAY FOR THE CAVE KIDS!

DONATED BY THE CAVE KIDS

Hanna-Barbera

CAVE KIDS

the MIDNIGHT MENACE

HEY, WHO ATE MY
THISTLEFRUIT
DURING THE NIGHT?

ISN'T SOMEBODY
STARVED UP
MINE TOO?

(YAWN) WHAT'S
ALL THE FUSS
SO EARLY IN
THE MORNING?

LOOK,
THERE'S
THE CULPRIT
HIDING UNDER
OUR **RARE-
SKIN** RUG.

GOBBLE
GOBBLE,
GOBBLER.

GIVE A LITTLE OL'
GRAND SLAM.

GIVE
UP?

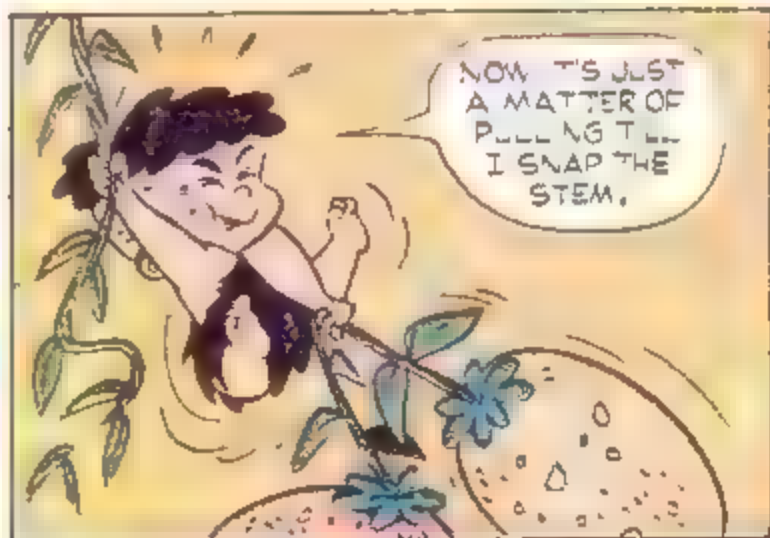
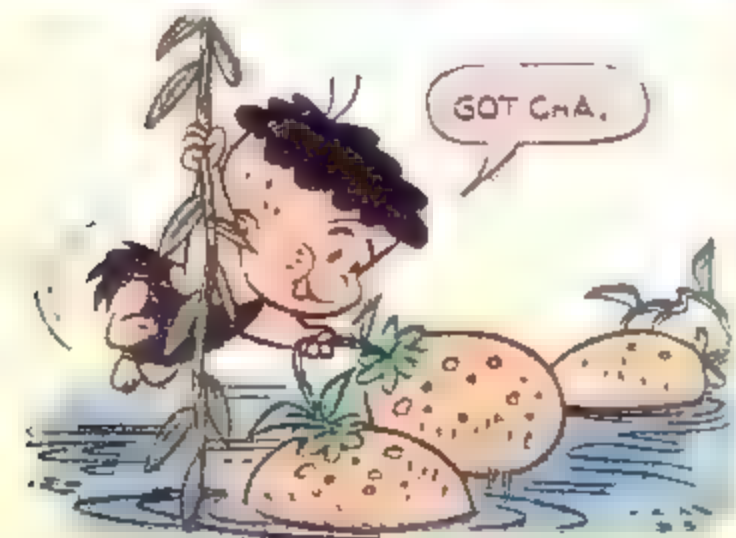
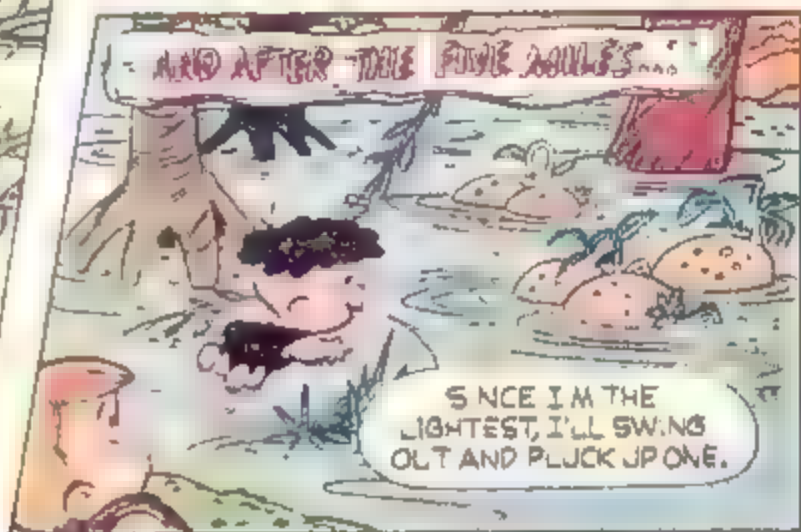
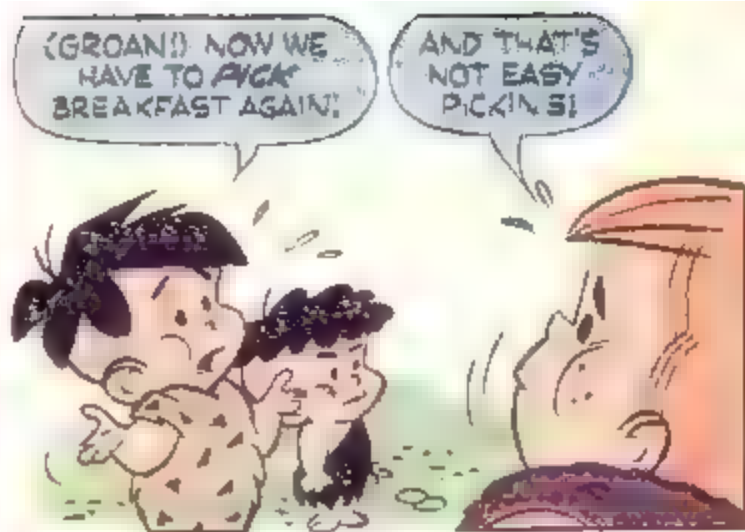
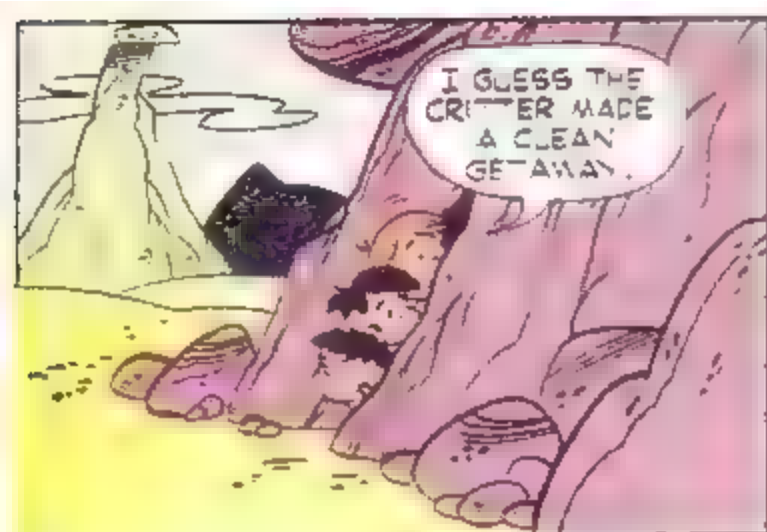
TAKE
THIS
HAT

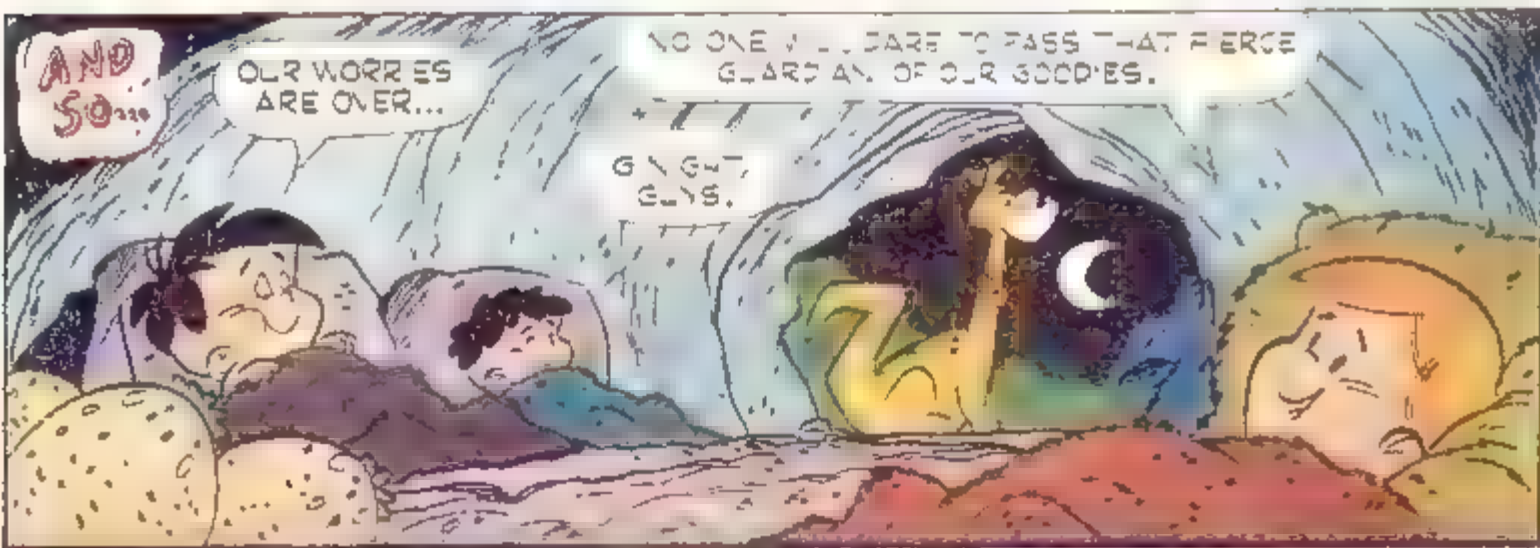
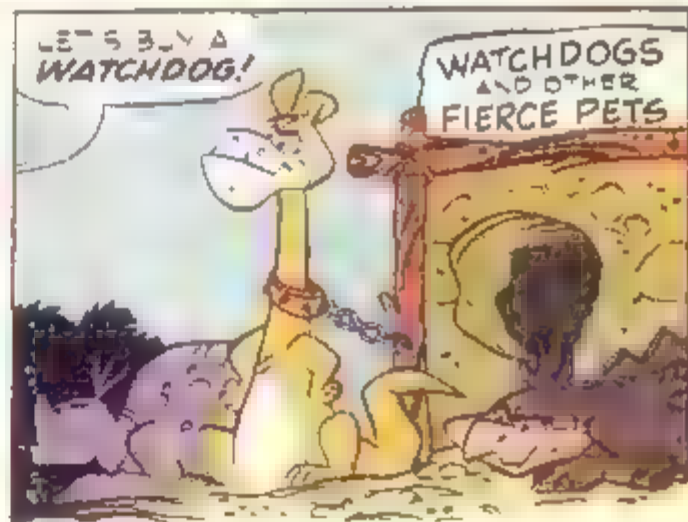
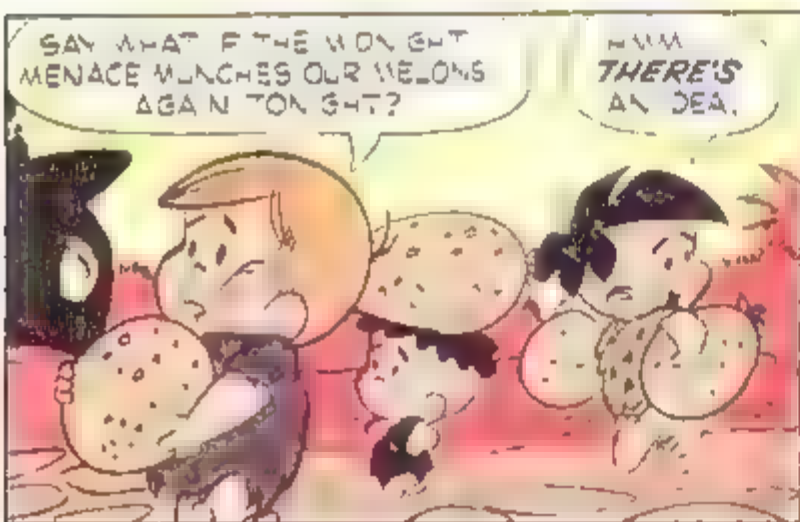
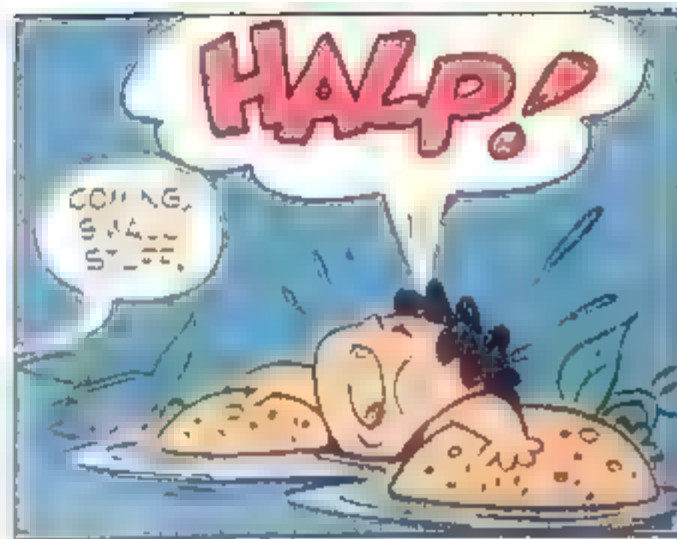
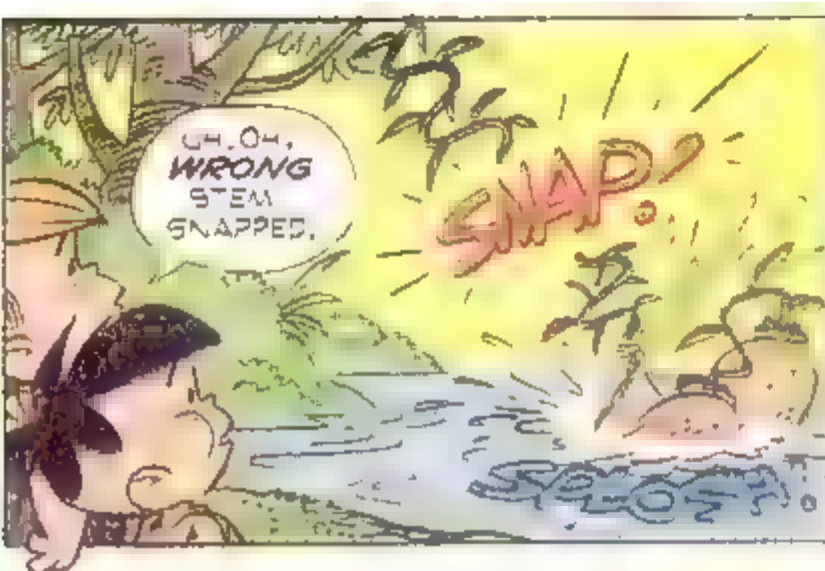
OH NO
S-STOP!

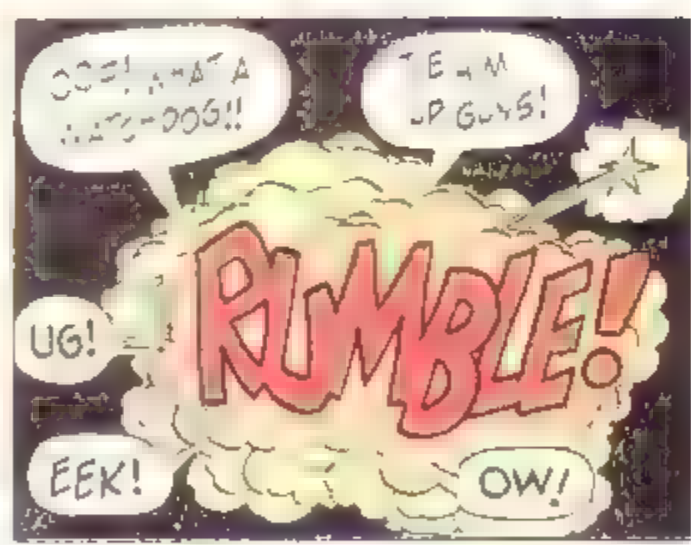
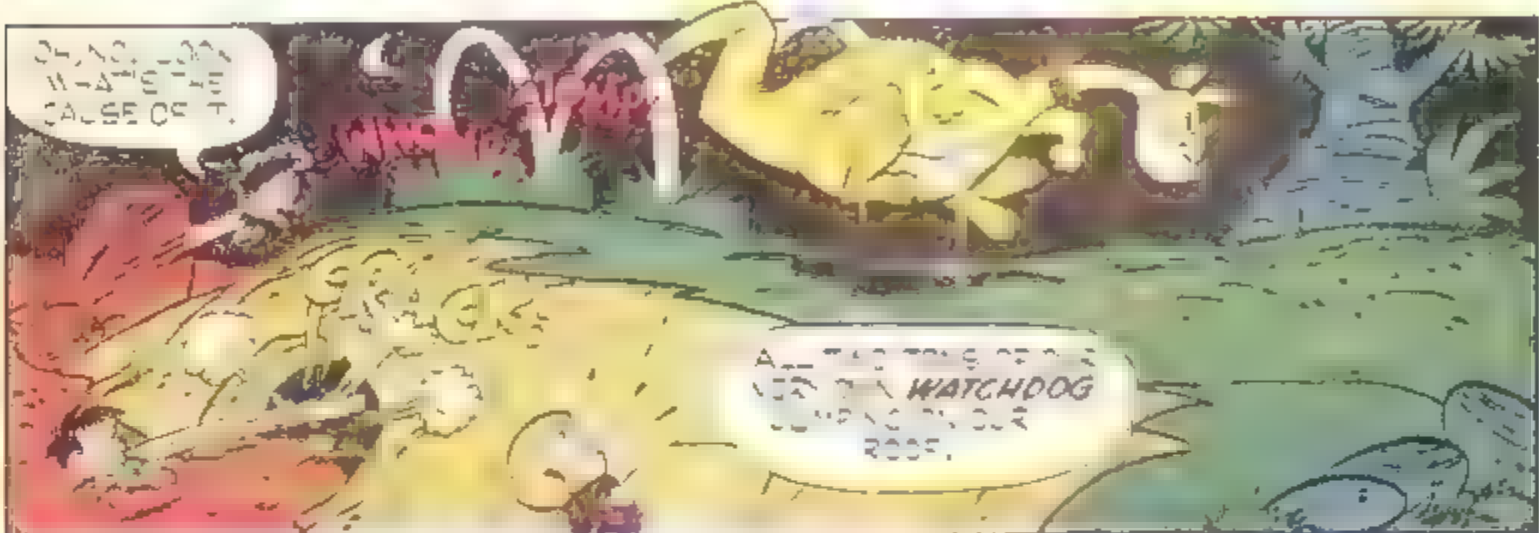
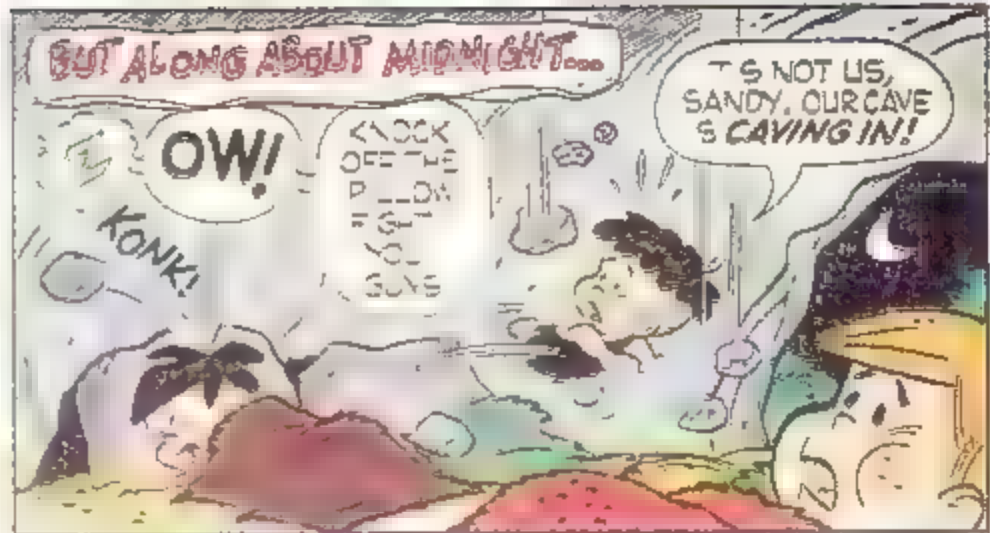
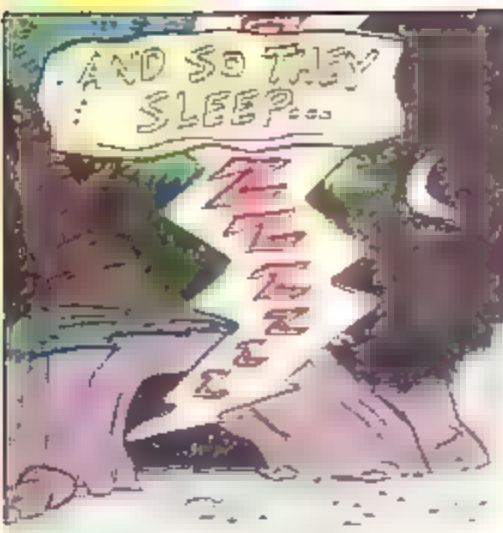
YOU'VE MADE SALCE OUT OF THE
MARSH MELON I HAD UNDER HERE
TO KEEP COOL.

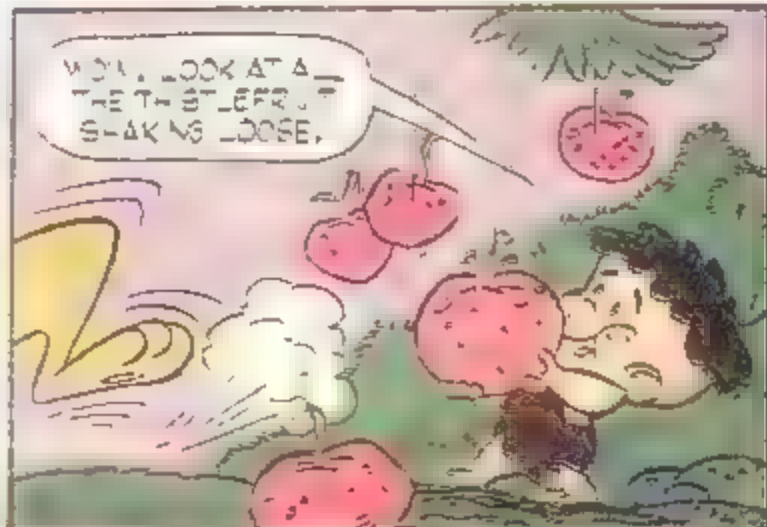
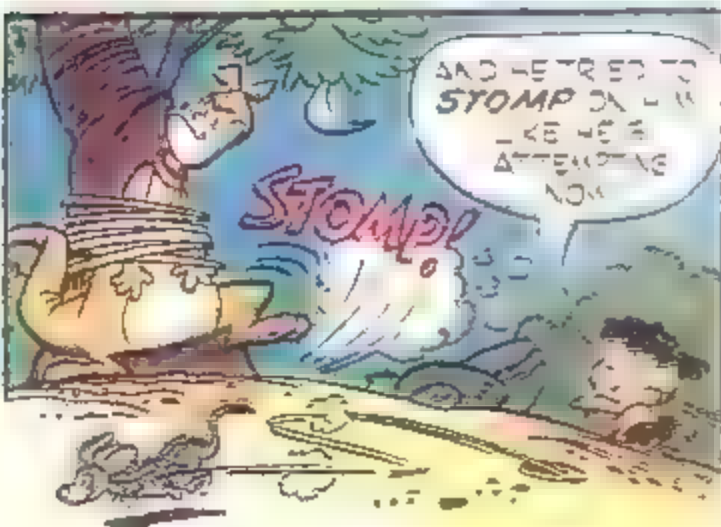
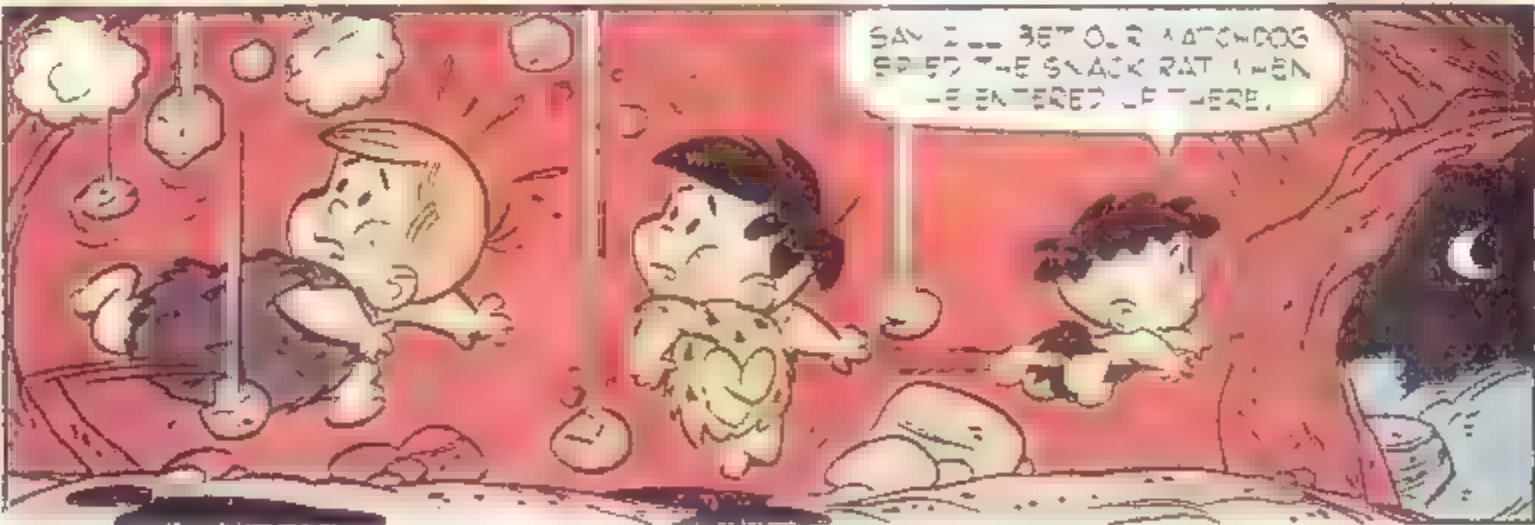
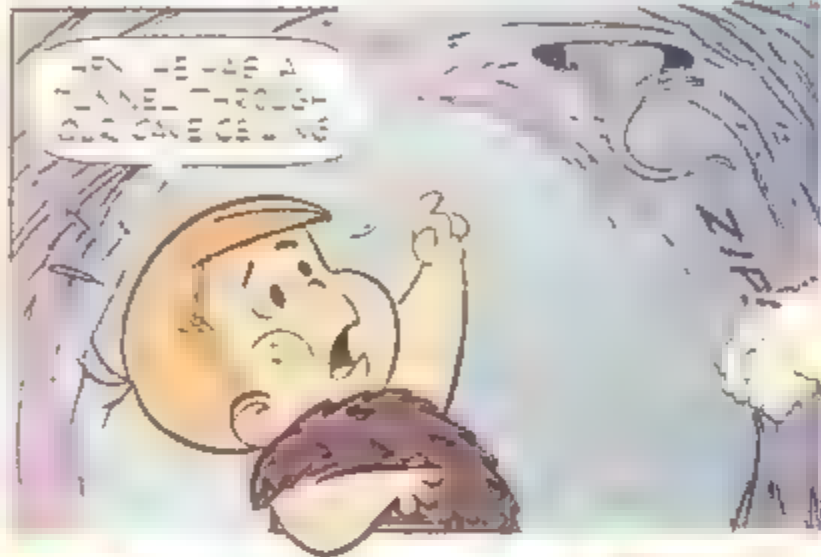
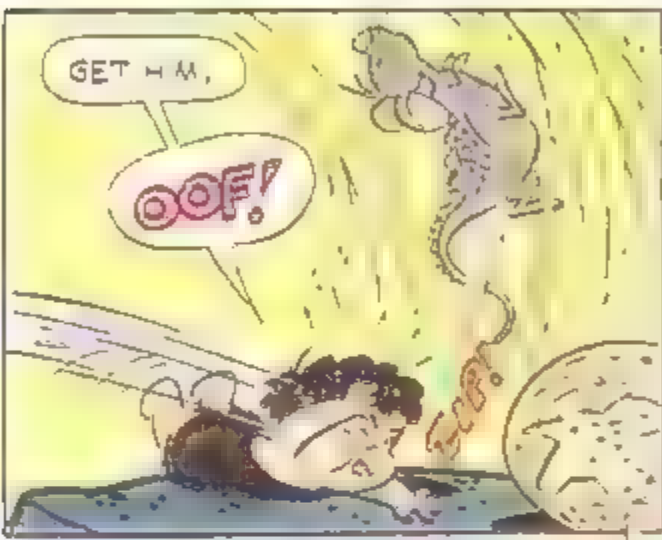
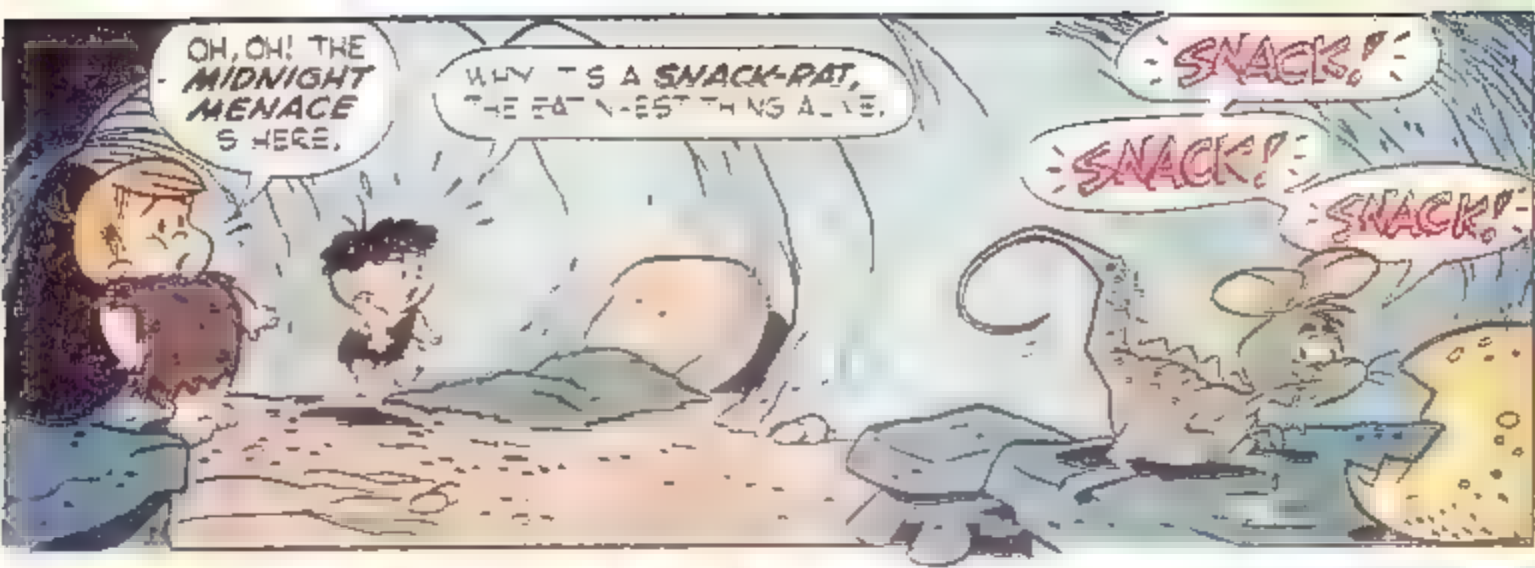
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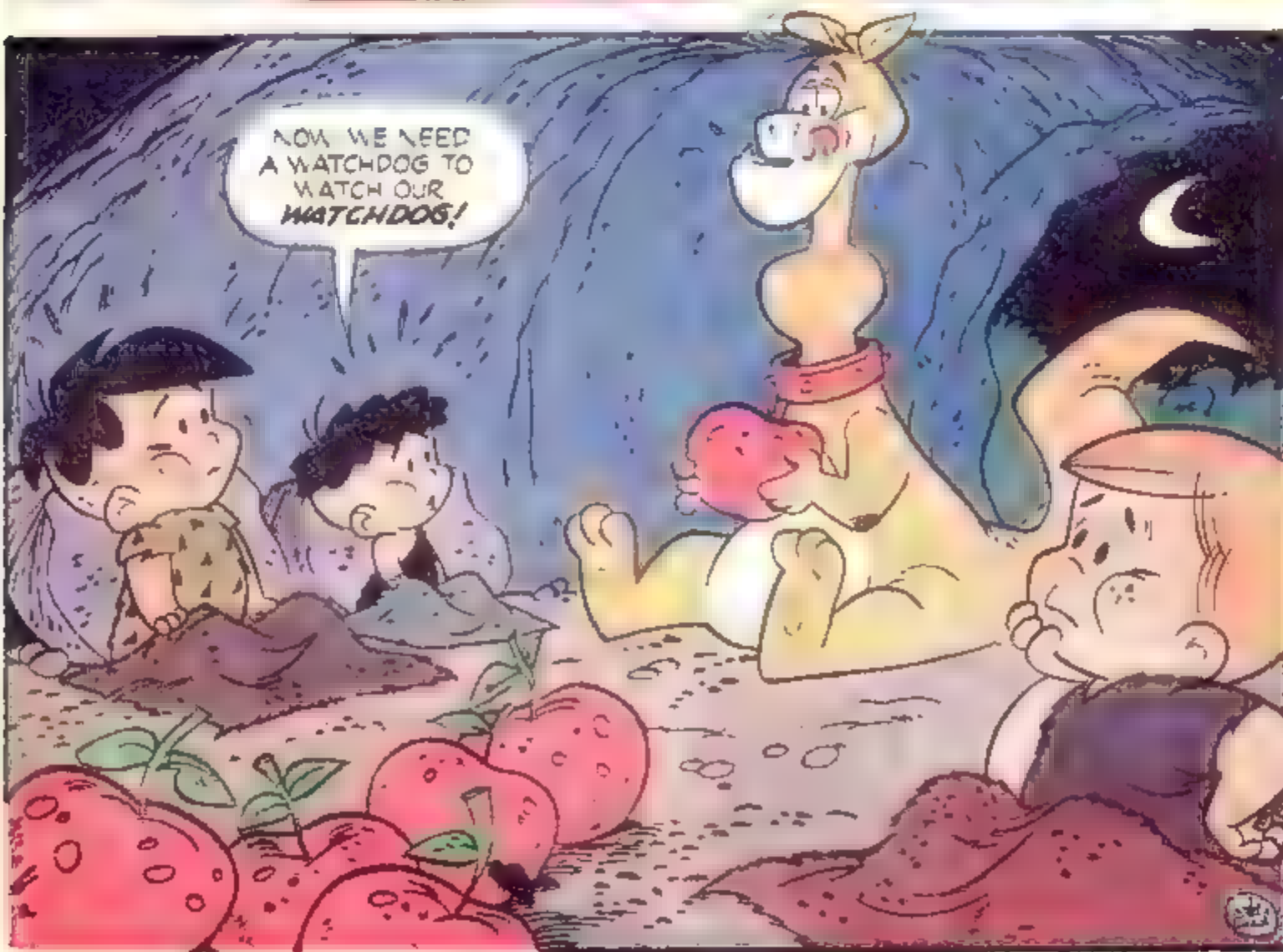
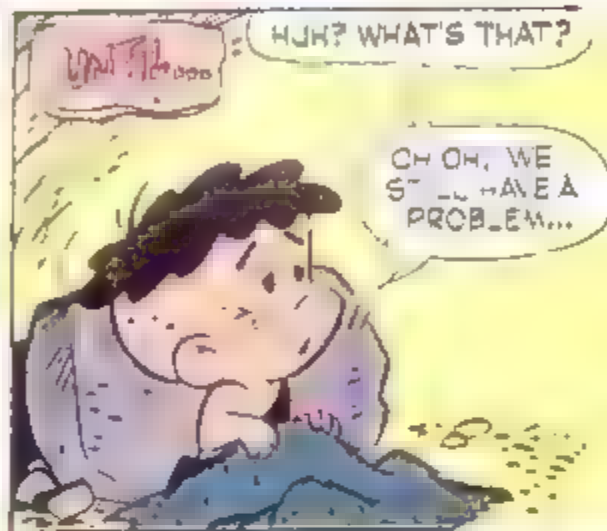
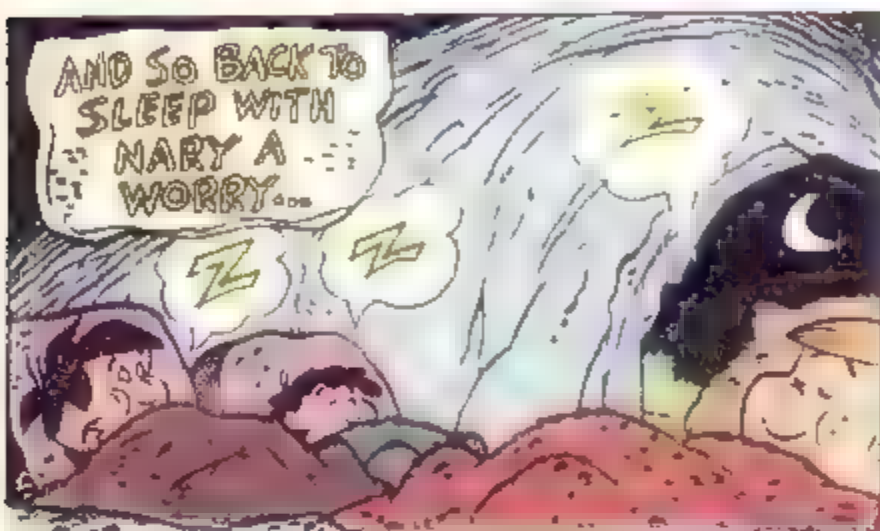
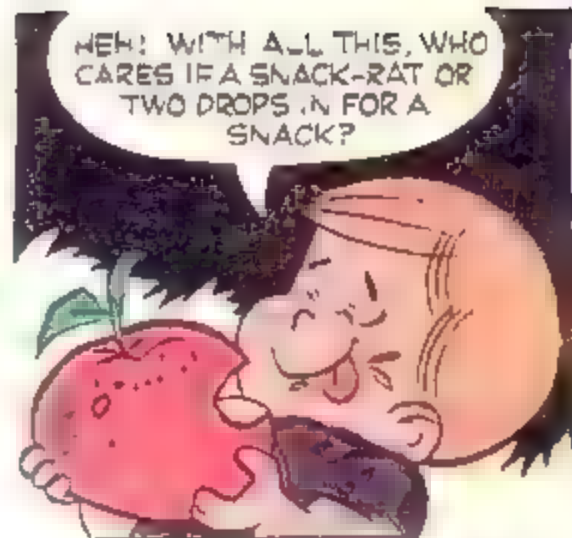
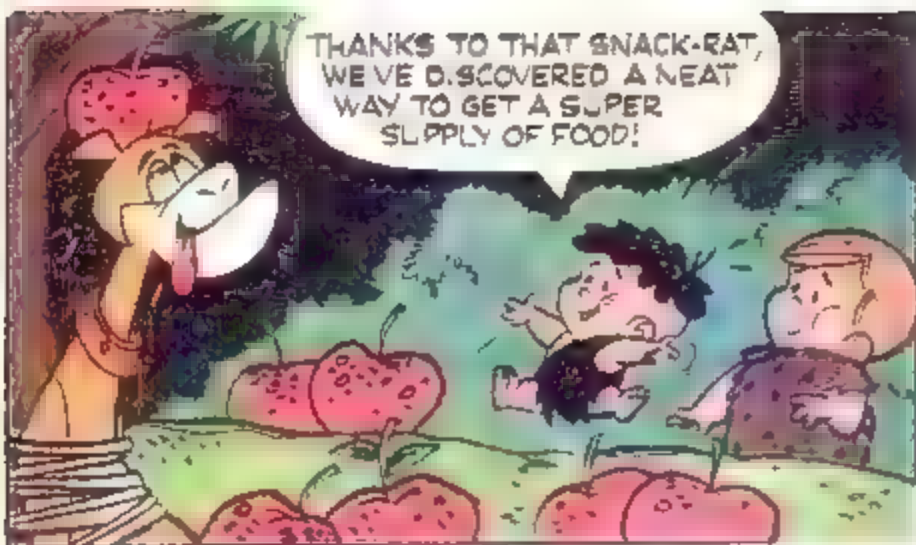
3 ARE THE
BURGLAR.



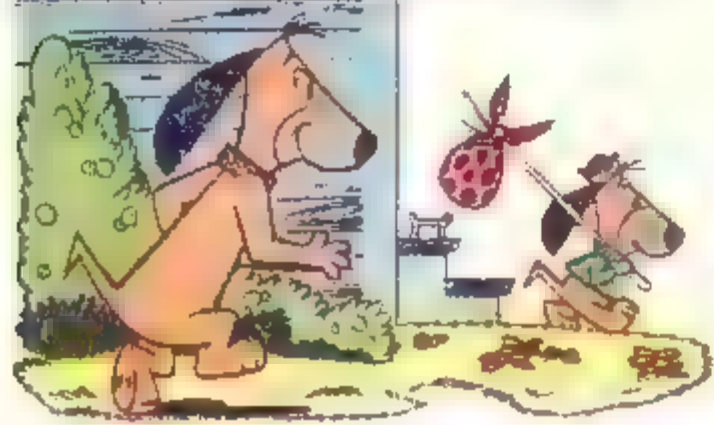








The BUNDLE BUNGLE



Augie Doggie tiptoed quietly through the entrance hall of his home and out the front door. Over one shoulder, at the end of a stick, dangled all of his most prized treasures, bundled together in a red bandanna. Augie Doggie was running away from home.

"When I have done something to make dear Dad proud of me, I will come back," he promised himself.

Doggie Daddy was sitting in his favorite chair in the living room. Over the top of his newspaper, he saw Augie, and he knew the meaning of the bundle tied to the stick.

"My son is leaving me because he isn't proud of me," Doggie Daddy thought sadly. "I should have tried to be more important."

Doggie Daddy laid aside his newspaper. After waiting a moment, to give Augie a head start, he followed him.

"I won't let Augie know that I'm watching over him," Doggie Daddy told himself, "but I must be nearby to keep my venturesome son from falling into danger."

Augie walked down the street toward the center of town. Though his steps were fast and light, his heart was heavy. He was wondering how long it would take to do something that would make his father proud of him, so that he could go home again.

Soon, they were in the center of the hustle and bustle of downtown traffic.

"What a good thing I followed my boy," Doggie Daddy decided. "This is no place for a little tyke, all alone."

Augie, however, seemed not at all frightened, and he continued firmly on his way. He passed a jewelry store without even pausing to admire the glittering display in the window. Suddenly, a masked man, with a gun

in one hand, rushed out of the jewelry store and ran up the street, in the same direction that Augie was going.

Behind them, Doggie Daddy sensed danger, and he started to run, too.

"I must protect my boy," he told himself.

Augie Doggie was unaware of the bandit behind him. He was only conscious of the bundle across his shoulder. It was getting so much heavier as he grew more tired.

"Maybe," thought Augie, "if I drag this bundle awhile, it won't seem so heavy."

So, Augie let the bundle slip from his shoulder and trail behind him.

At the same time, the masked man overtook Augie. But as he stepped around the boy, he felt himself sprawling forward onto the sidewalk, Augie's bundle between his feet.

It all happened too fast for Doggie Daddy to stop his headlong rush. Before he could check himself, he was sprawled on top of the fallen gunman.

By this time, a policeman, too, had been chasing the bandit. When he caught up, he found Doggie Daddy on top of the man and Augie holding the gun which had been jarred out of the man's hand by his fall.

The thanks of the policeman, as he led the bandit away to jail, were nothing compared to the praises Augie Doggie and Doggie Daddy had for each other.

"I'm proud of you, my brave son," said Doggie Daddy. "Tripping that man with your bundle was very clever."

"Not as brave as your pinning him to the ground with your own great strength, Dad of Dads," replied Augie. "I am so proud of you, precious Pop."

So, hand in hand, Augie Doggie and Doggie Daddy happily walked toward home, their eyes shining with mutual admiration!



Hanna-Barbera

WALLY GATOR

The ROYAL RUNAROUND

WOW! SOME GUYS
HAVE ALL THE LUCK.
MAGINE BEING A
ROYAL "GATOR". (S G-) I
D SURE SWAP MY
ROCK IN THE ZOO
FOR A THRONE.

ROYAL "GATOR"
OF CROCODONIA
VISITS HERE!

GOOD, BECAUSE I WAS
JUST ABOUT TO MAKE YOU
THAT OFFER. I'M
A... GATOR.

HEY,
THE ONE
I WAS JUST
READING
ABOUT,

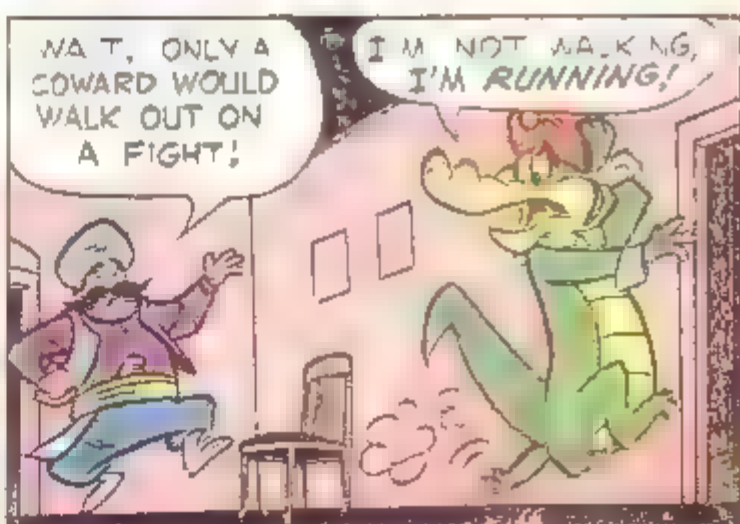
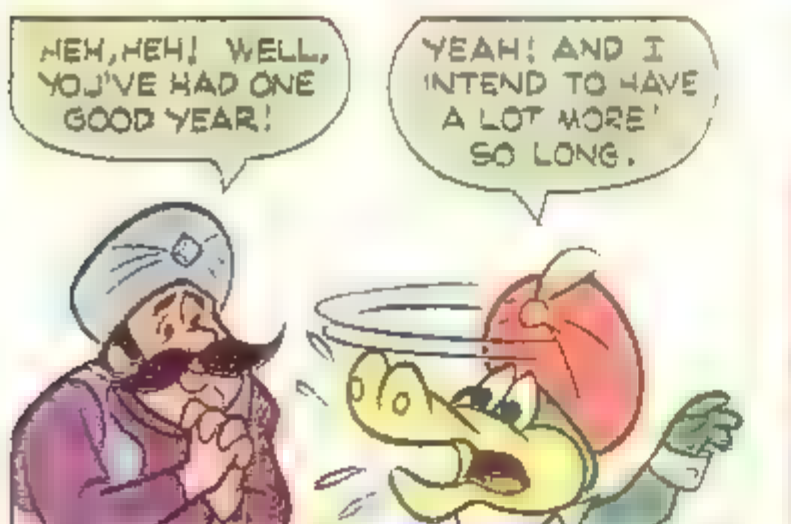
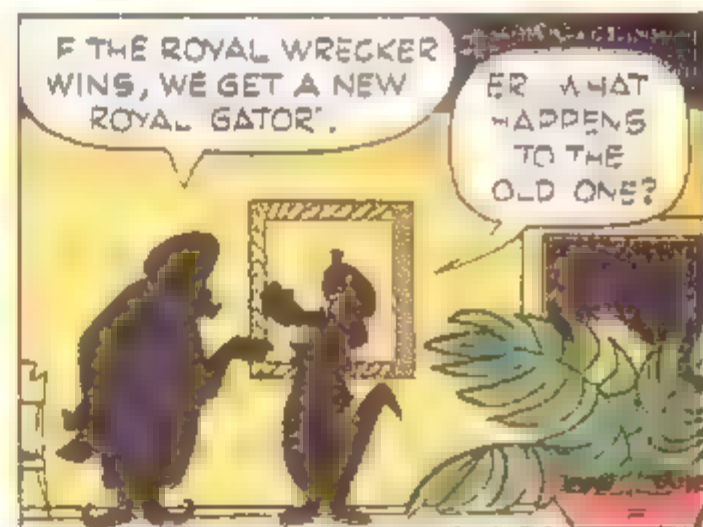
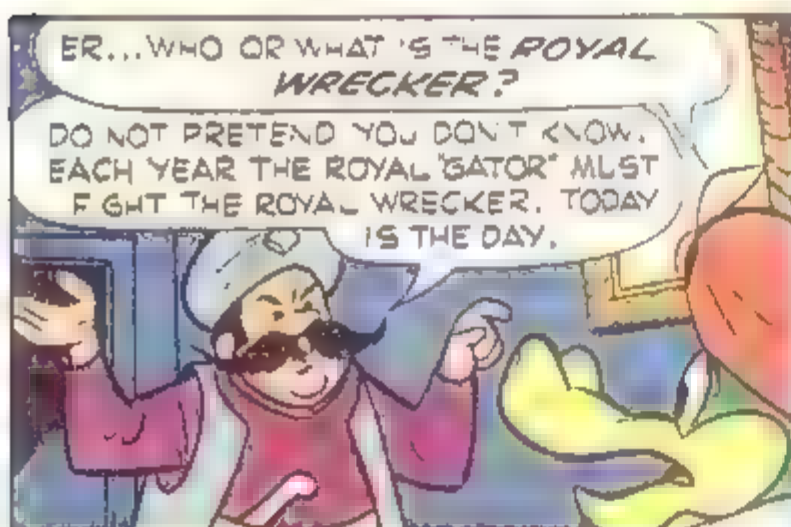
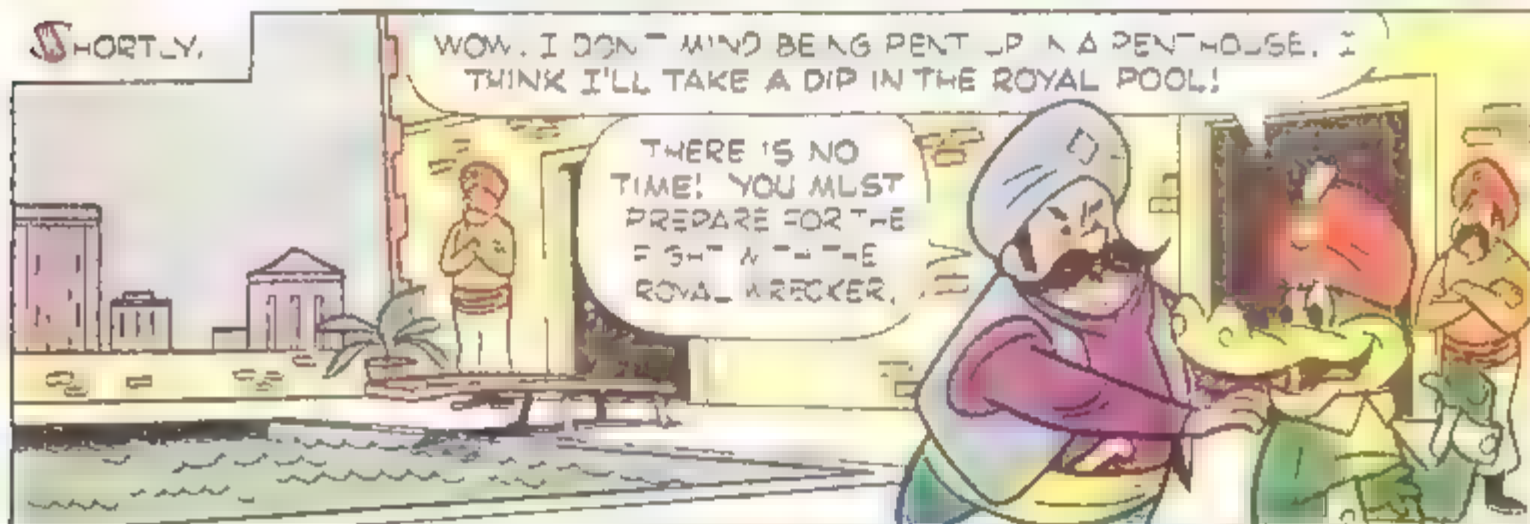
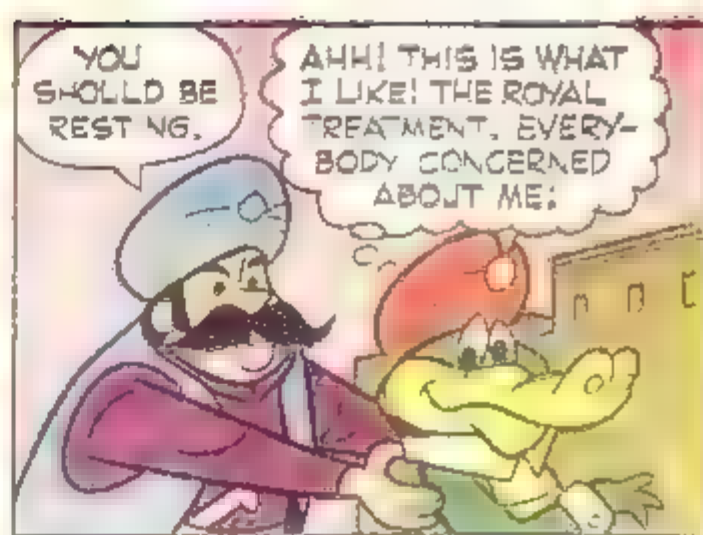
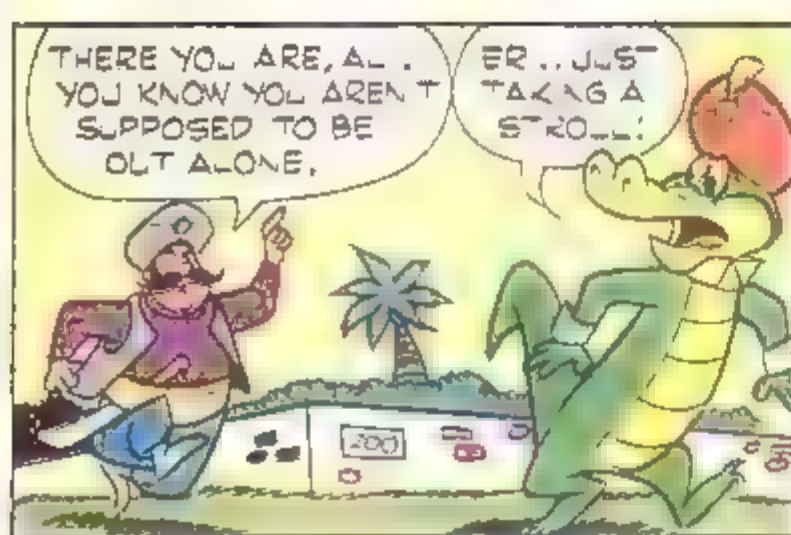
I'M T IRED OF ALL THAT FANCY
LIVING. I WANT TO LIVE LIKE A
NORMAL ALL GATOR!

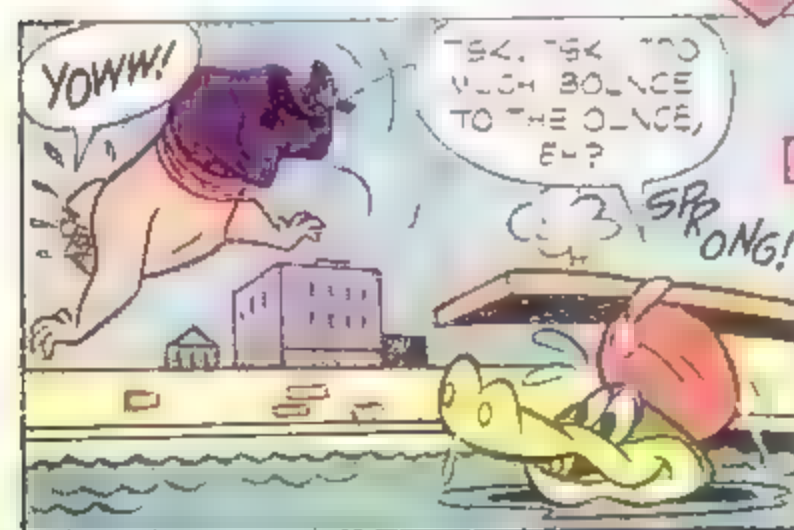
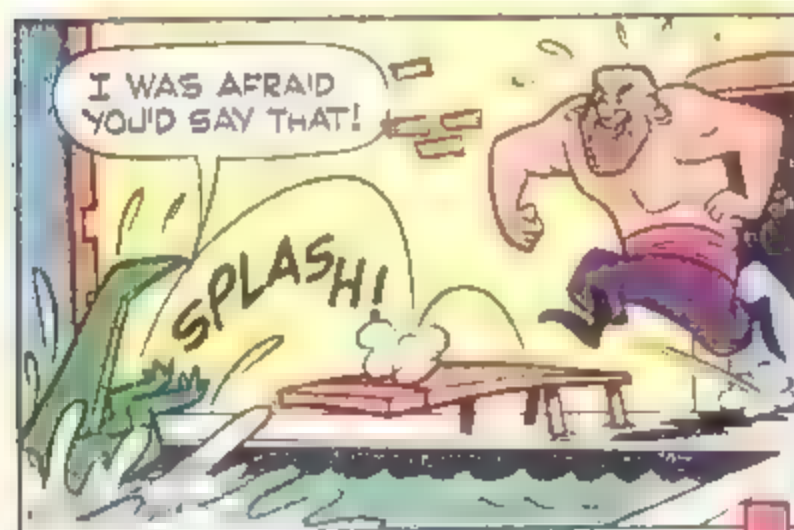
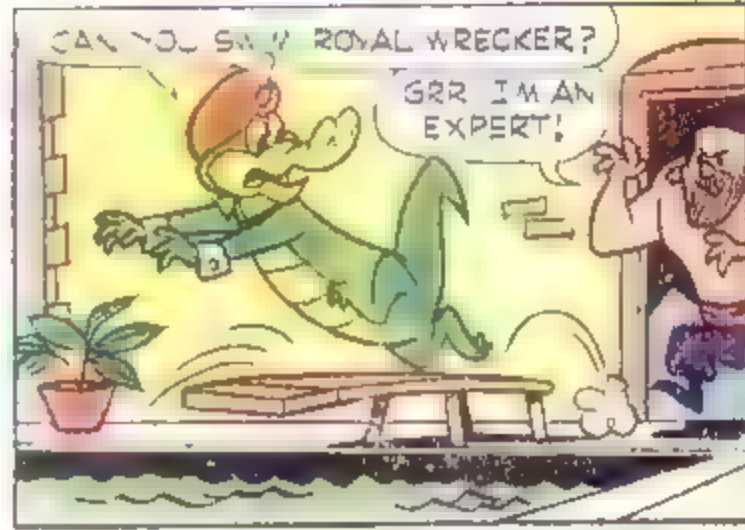
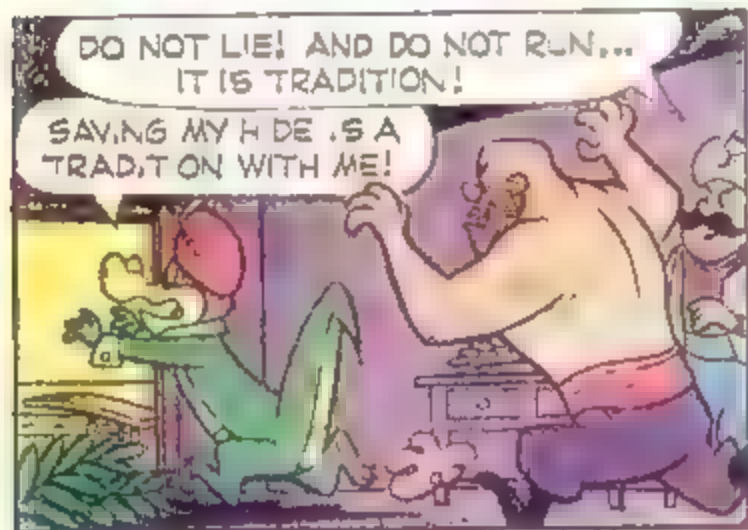
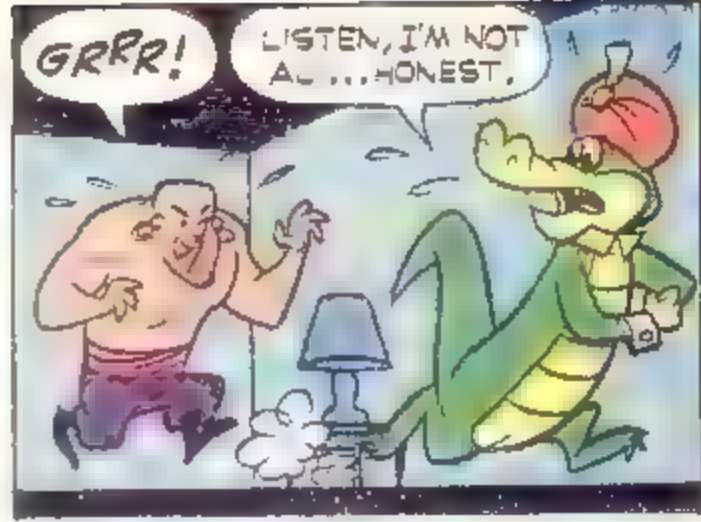
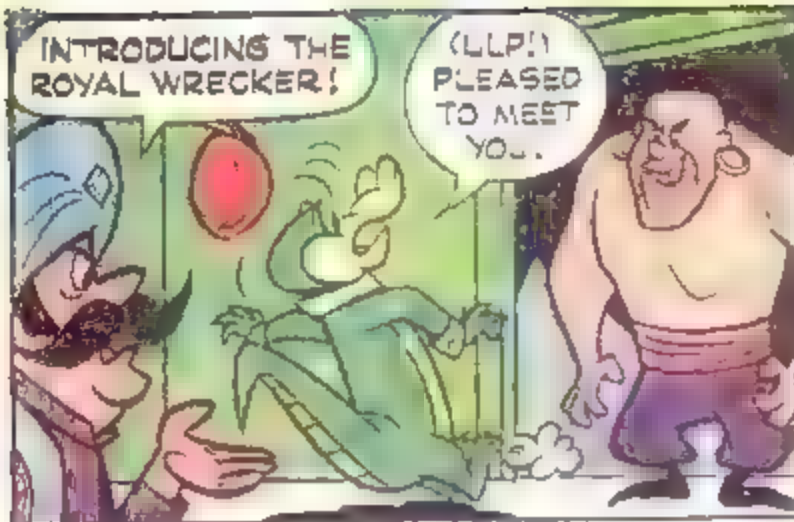
MAN, YOU'VE FLIPPED
YOUR SCALES.

I'D GIVE
ANYTHING TO
LIVE
THAT ROYAL
ROUTINE.

GOOD THEN WE'LL
CHANGE PLACES. WE
LOOK E'OUGH-
ALike TO BE
GATORS.

CHANGING PLACES WITH
ME, WHAT A NANNY,





IT DOESN'T UPSET ME A BIT.

BUT WAIT, THIS MEANS
YOU CAN BE THE ROYAL
"GATOR" FOR ANOTHER
YEAR.

AND WORRY ABOUT WRECKING DAY
AGAIN FOR ANOTHER YEAR? NO THANKS.

TSK, TSK!
ALL GATORS
ARE SO
CHICKEN!

I'VE SOLVED ONE
PROBLEM... BUT NOW
HOW DO I GET THAT ALL-
GATOR OUT OF MY POND.
I'M NOT UP TO A FIGHT.

MAYBE IF I ASK
HIM REAL NICE;

AYEE, YOU'RE BACK. THAT MEANS
YOU BEAT THE ROYAL WRECKER. YOU
MUST BE **SUPERSTRONG!**

WELL...

DO NOT HARM ME. I'M GOING.
I'LL FIND ANOTHER ZOO!

WHEW.

ZOO SWEET ZOO.
THIS PLACE ISN'T
ROYAL, BUT IT'S
SAFE.

MORAL:

IF YOU'RE
AN ALLIGATOR
'N A ZOO,
DON'T LOOK
FOR GREENER
PASTURES...
PASTURES
ARE FOR COWS
AND SHEEP.

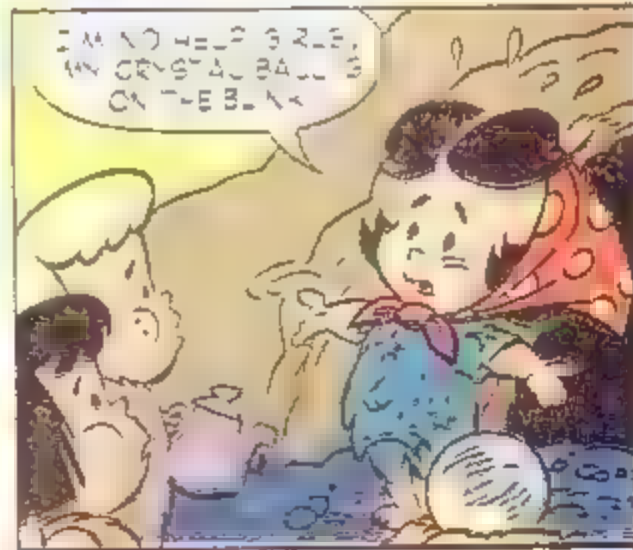
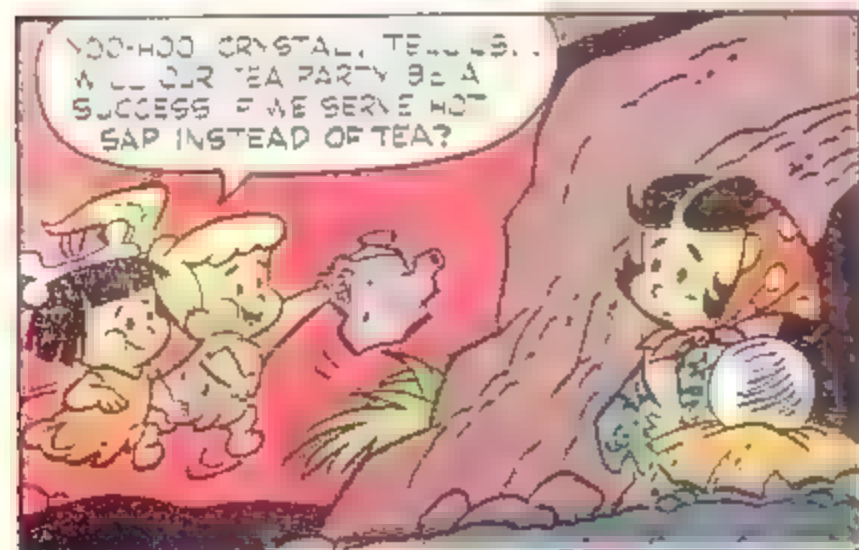
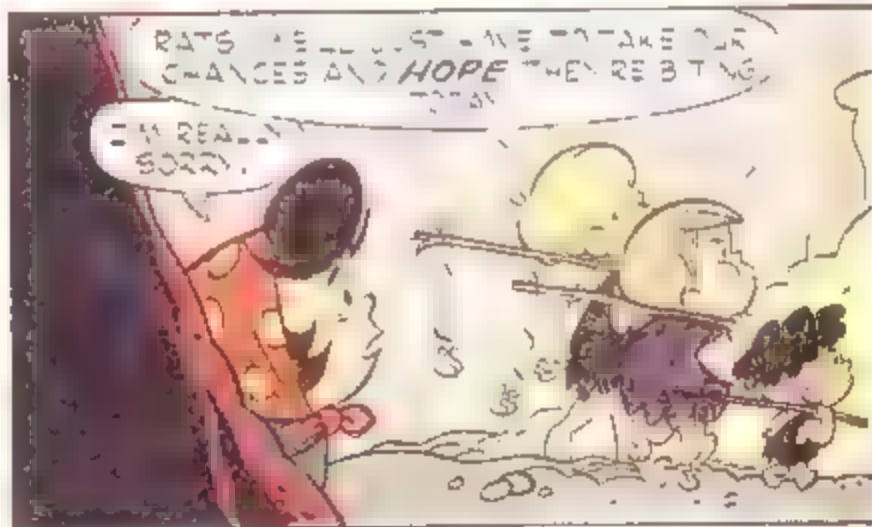
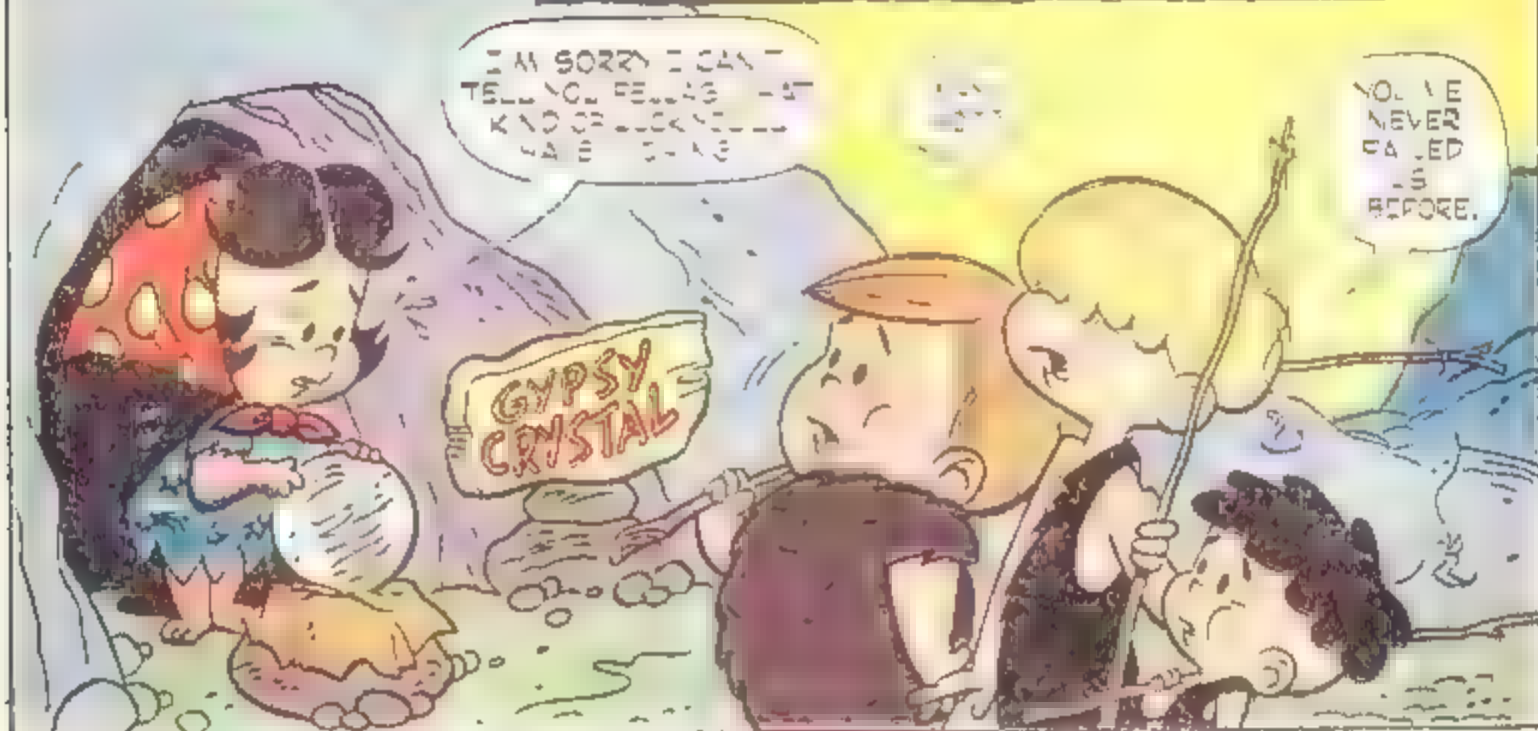
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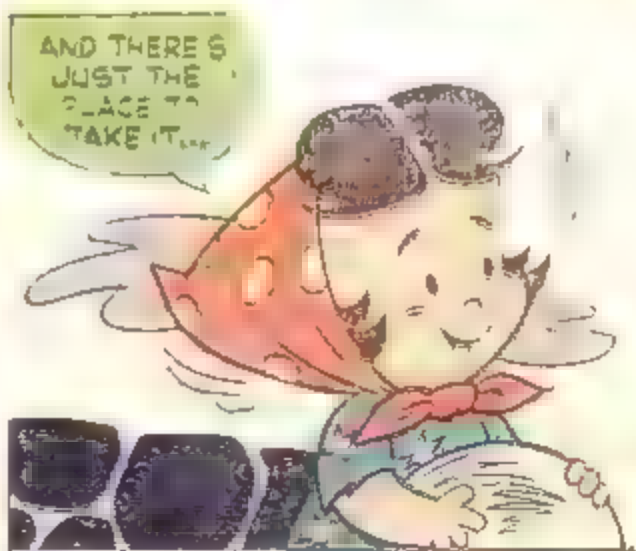
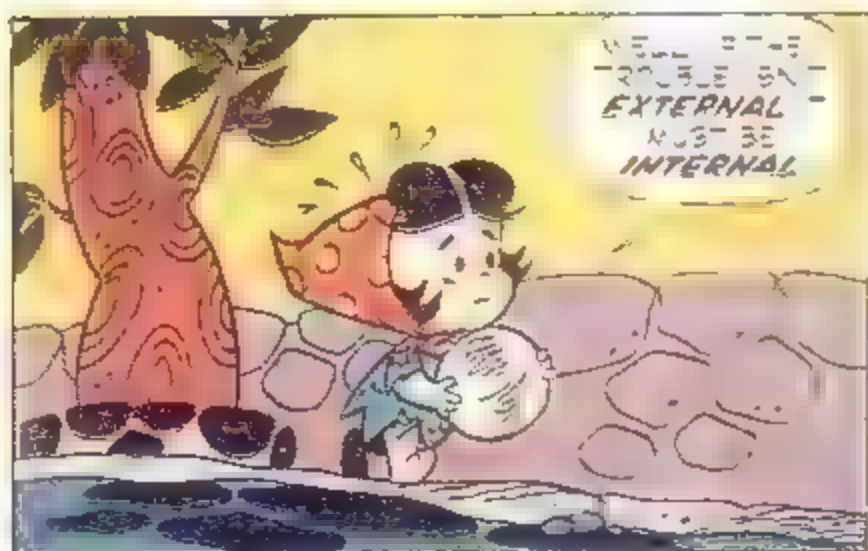
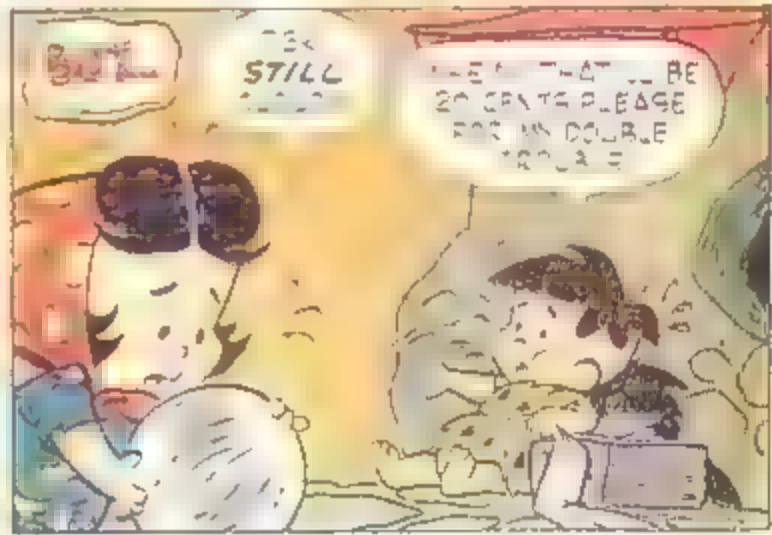
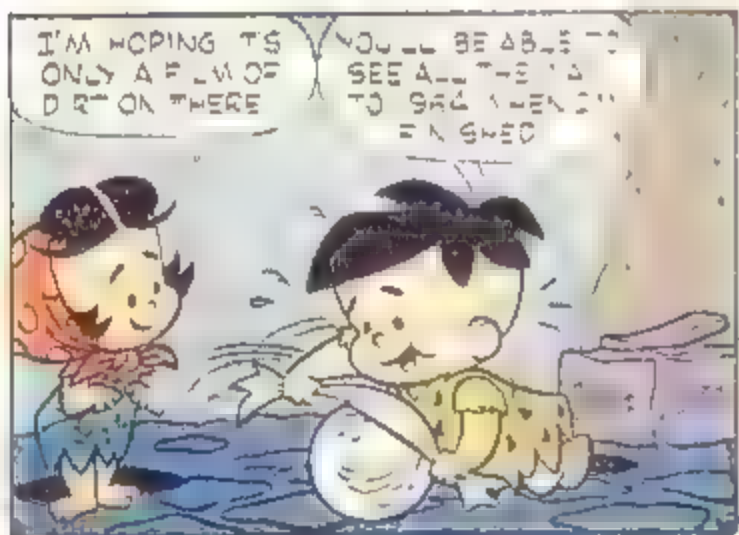
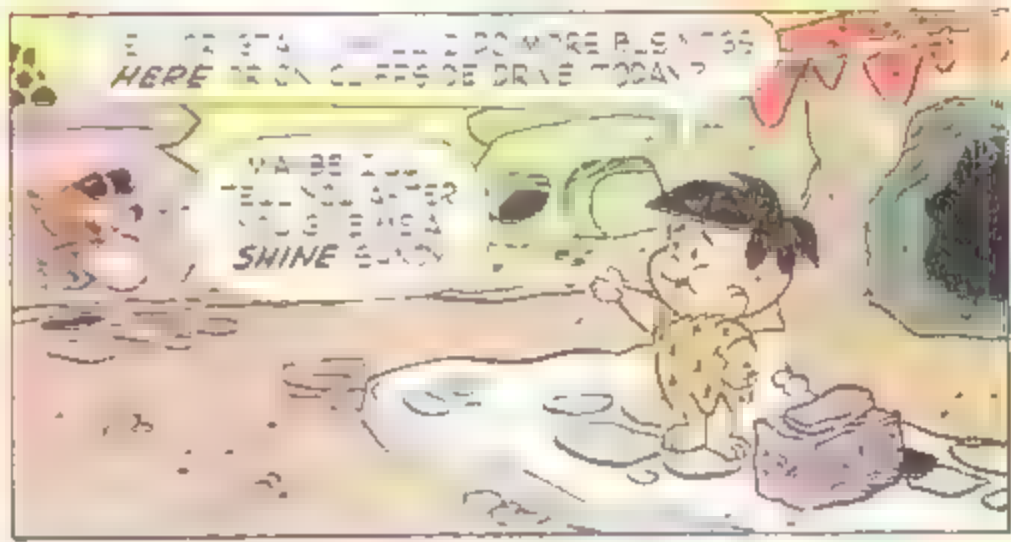
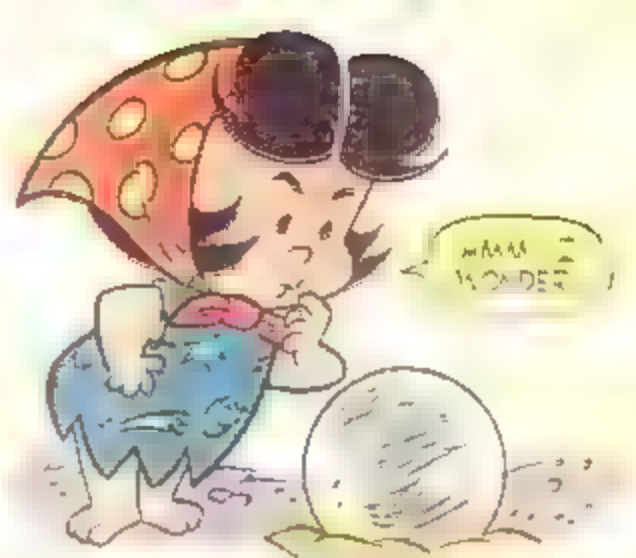
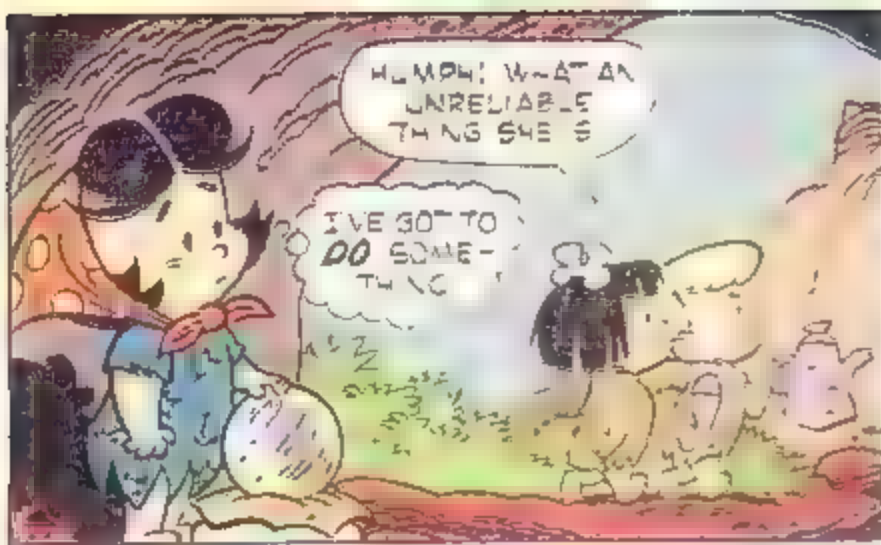


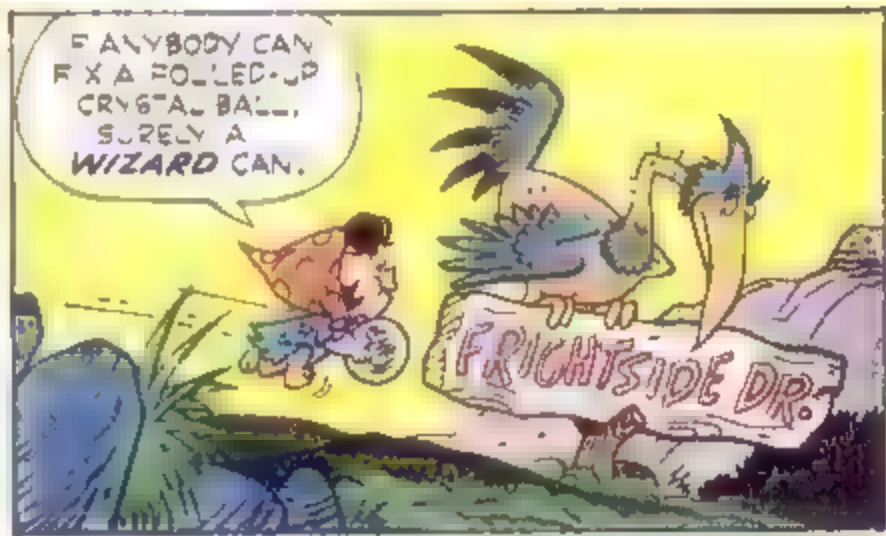
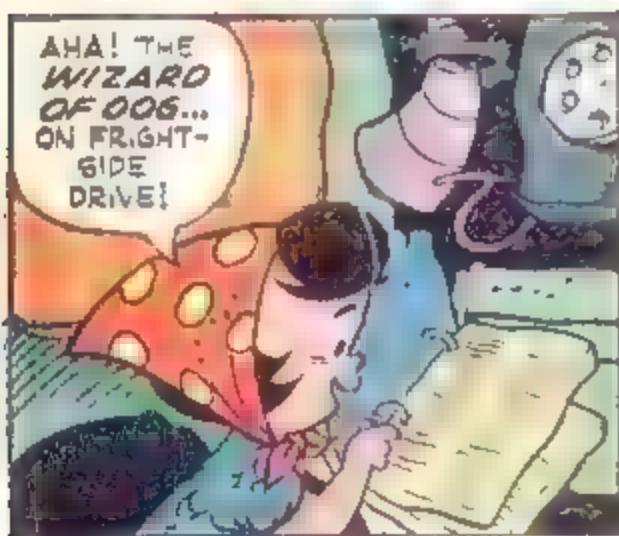
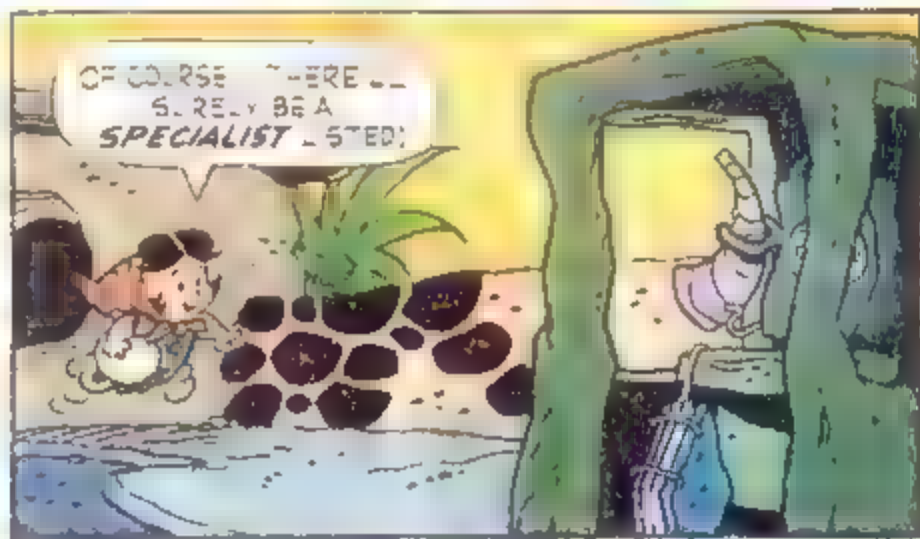
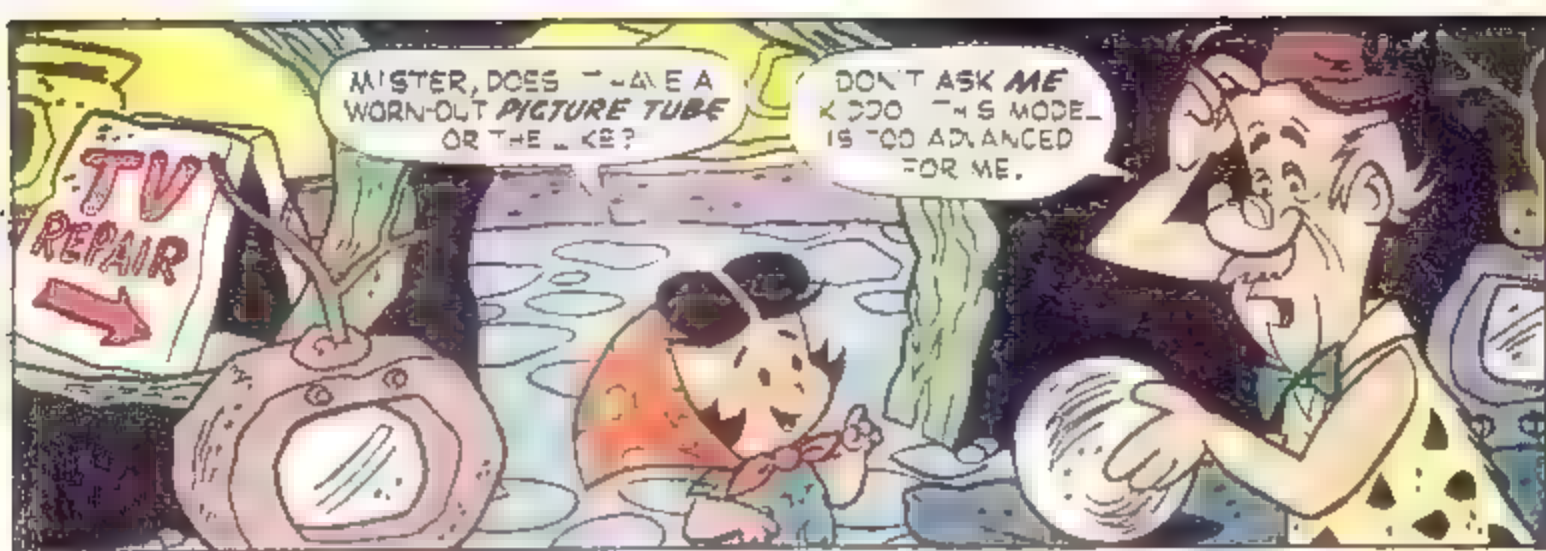
Hanna-Barbera

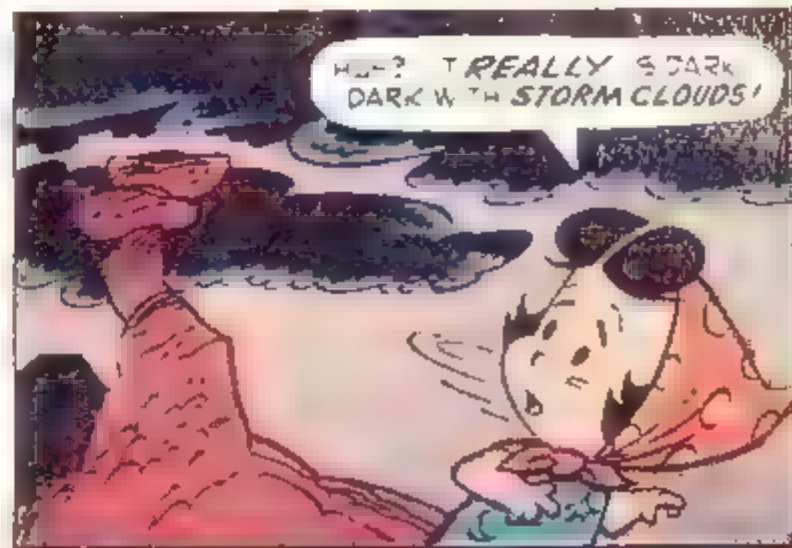
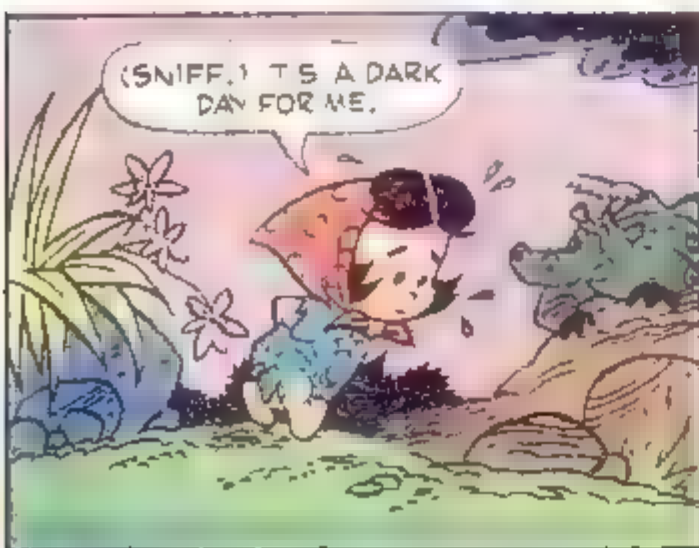
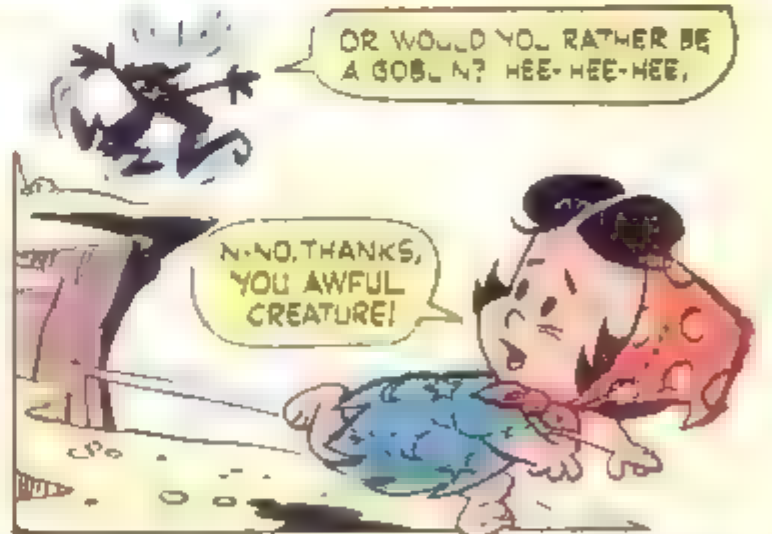
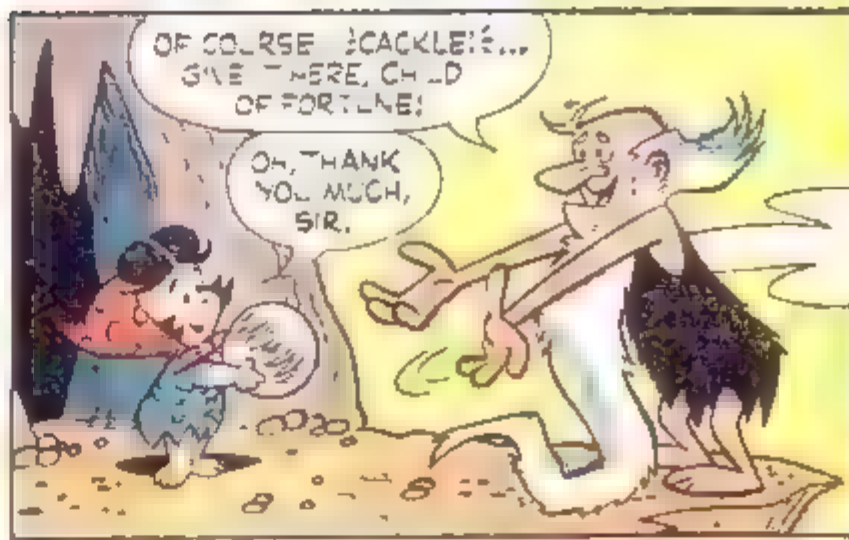
CAVE KIDS

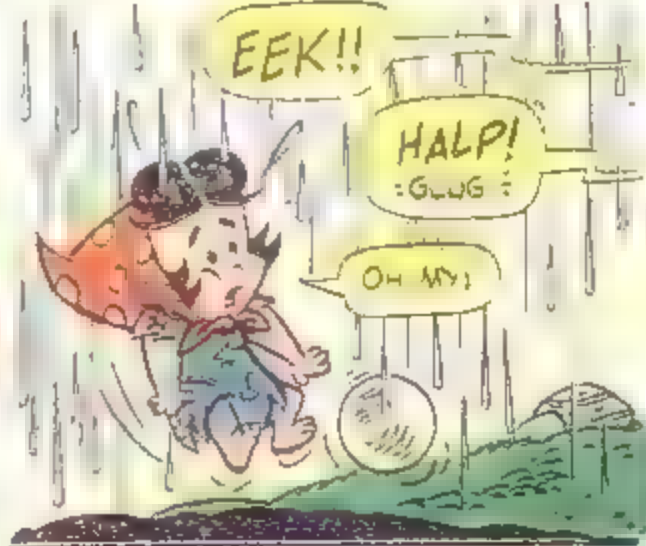
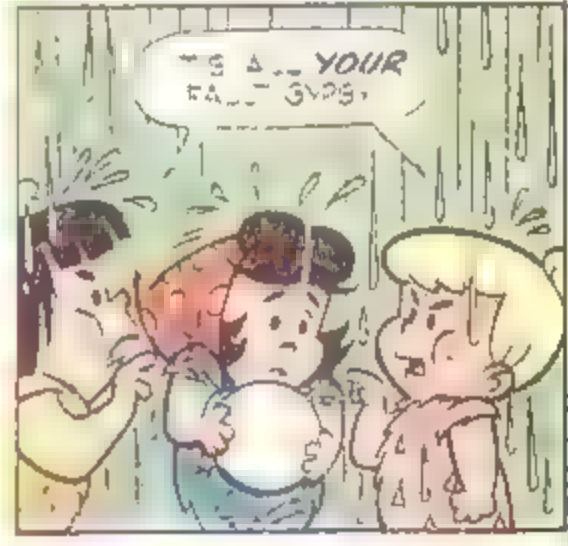
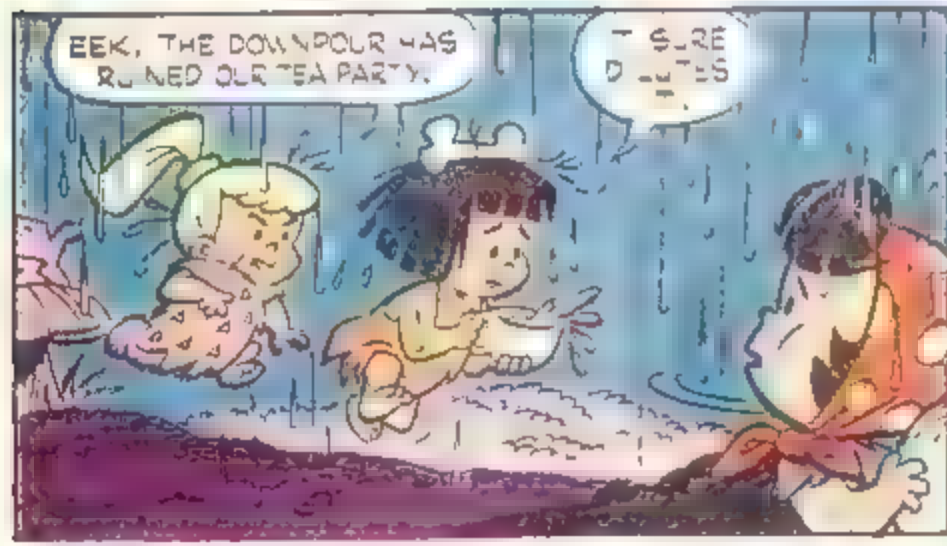
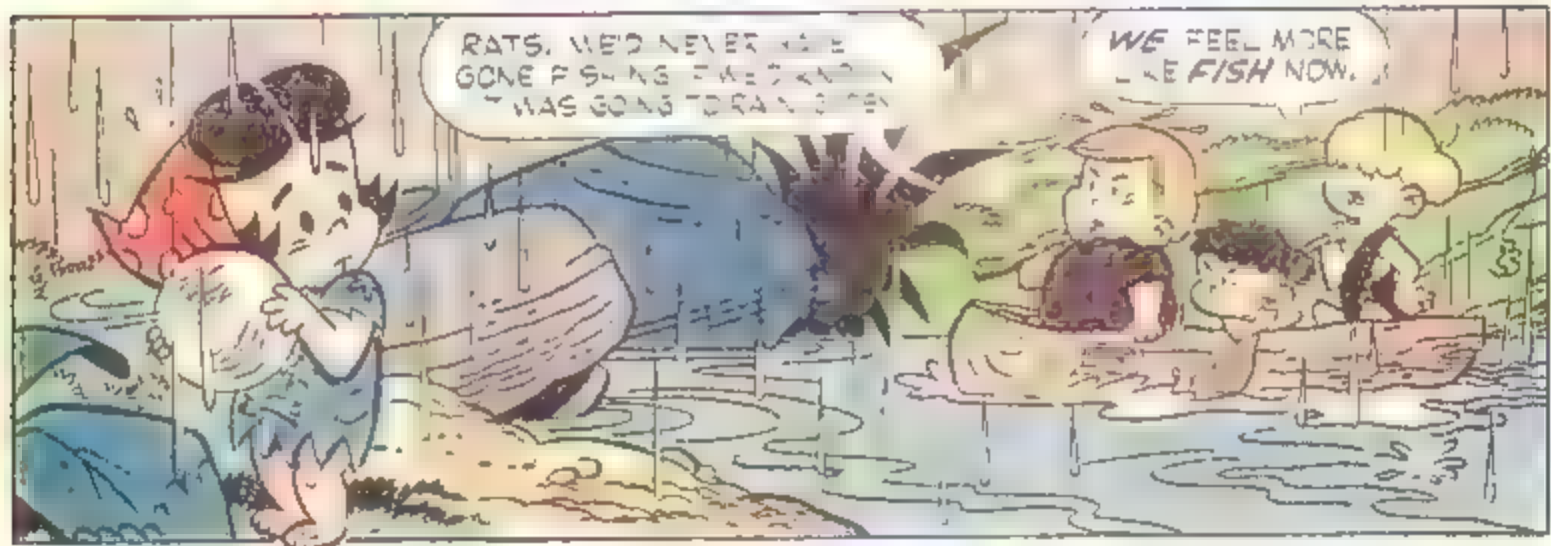
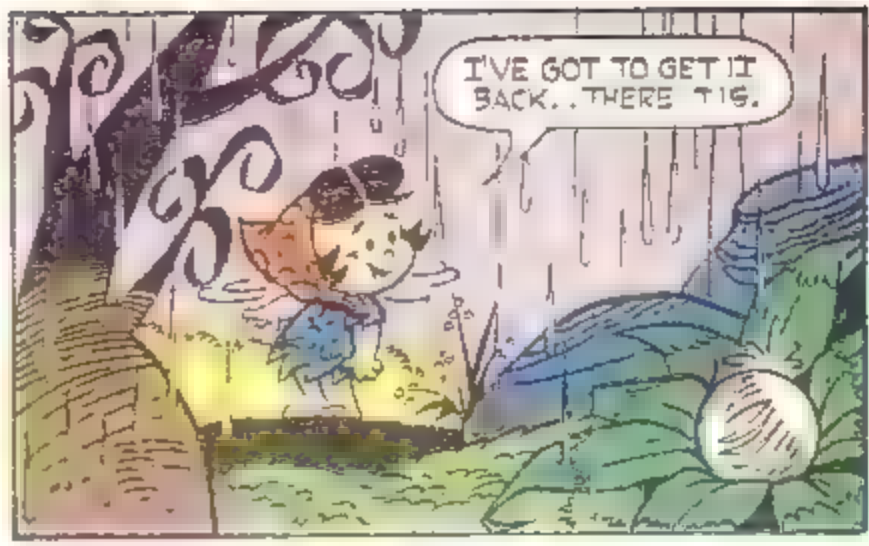
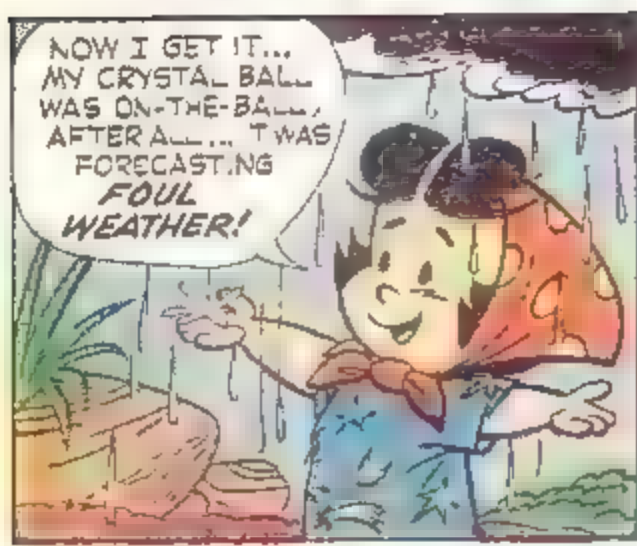
ALL-BALLED-UP











SPLUTTER: A RAIN-SMOGGEN
UNDERGROUND RIVER'S
WASHING US OUT.

QUICK! TO
MY CAVE
TO GET
WET AND DRY.

CAVE KIDS

YOU CAN ALL STAY
HERE TILL THE
STORM'S PAST!

GYPSY
CRYSTAL

BUT...

ISN'T
THE RAIN
MADE THEM
LIKE ME ANY
BETTER?

WHAT A BORE
BEING SHUT
UP IN THE DARK
CAVE ALL
DAY.

WE CAN'T
SEE TO DO
ANY-
THING.

WELL, I CAN'T
DO ANYTHING
ABOUT THE
DARKNESS...
OR CAN I?

AND SO...

THEY ALL
HAD TO GO
AND ASK THE
GYPSY
CRYSTAL
WHAT THEY
SHOULD
DO AFTER
THE STORM.

HEY, WE'VE
GOTTEN
SUN-
BATHING
A
KNOW!

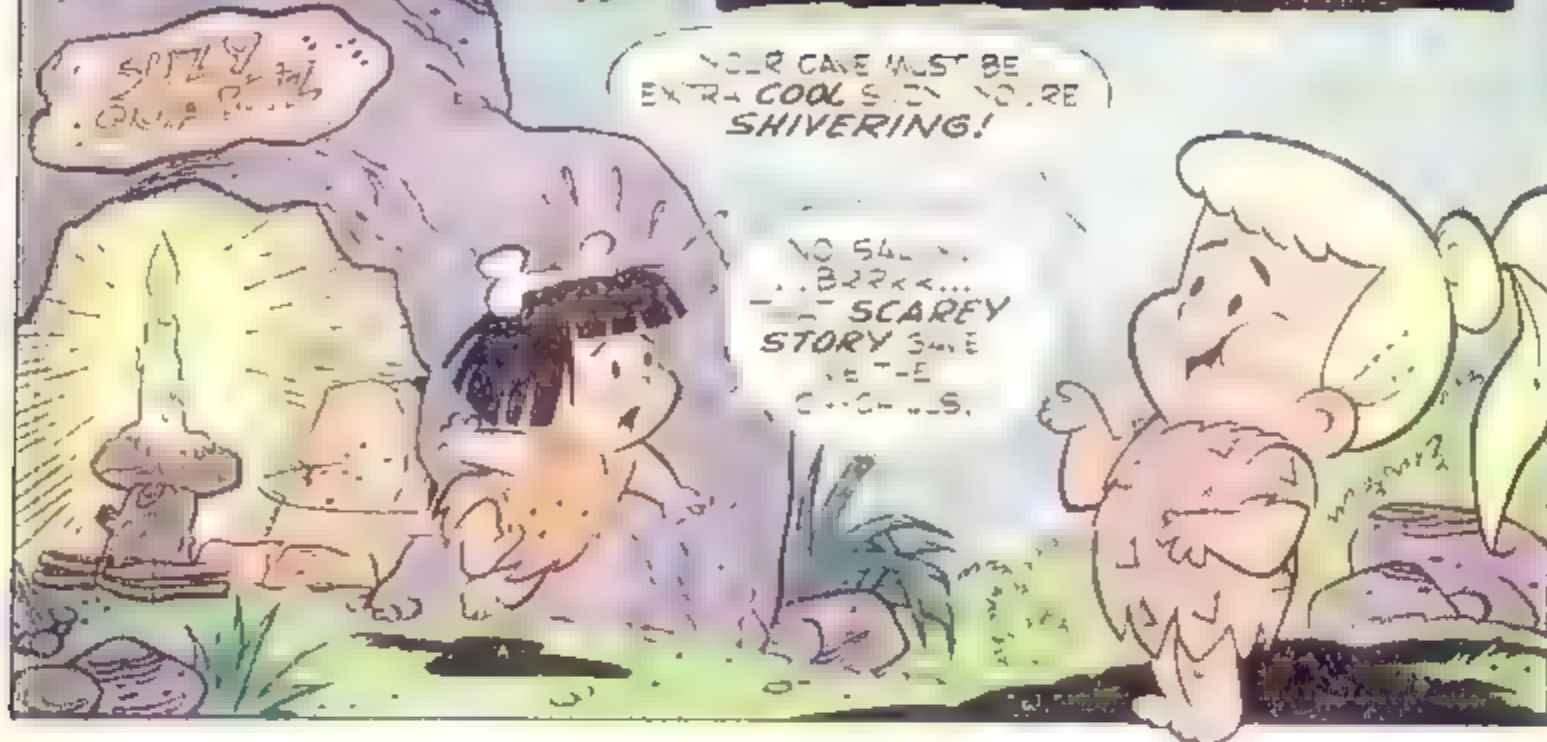
GYPSY'S A
JOLLY GOOD
CRYSTAL-
GATER!

©1964

Hanna-Barbera

CAVE KIDS

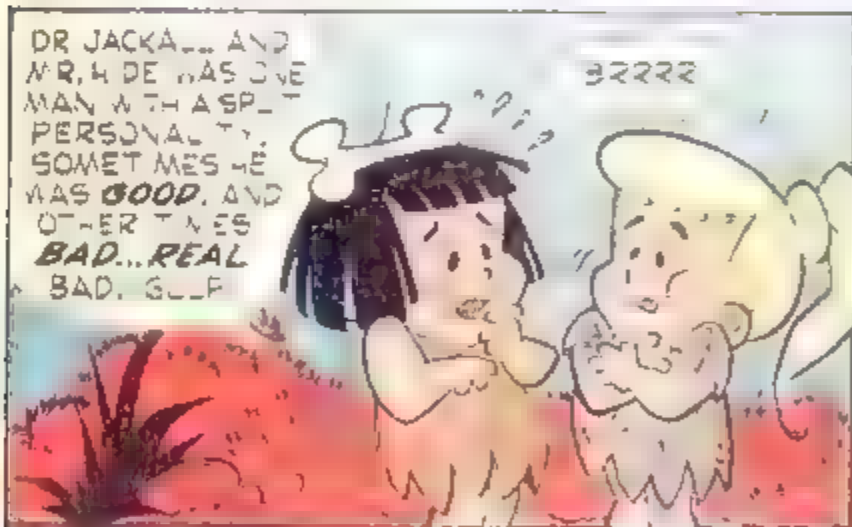
The HEEL-TYPE HERO



SPITLY & TAIL
ONUP BUNN

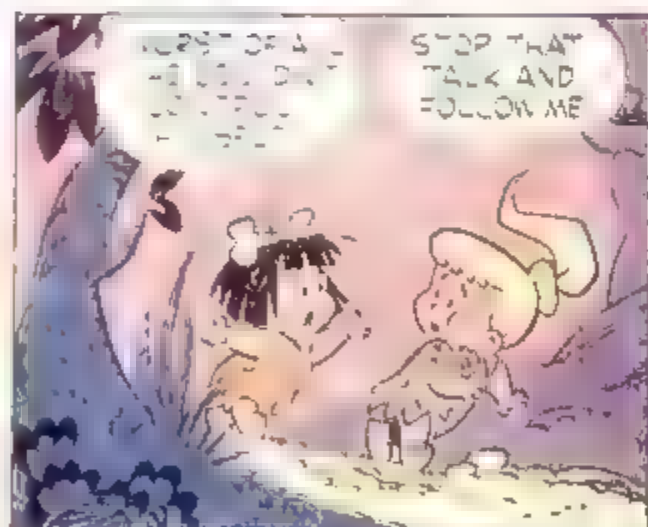
YOUR CAVE MUST BE
EXTRA COOL SINCE YOU'RE
SHIVERING!

NO SL...
...BZZZZ...
-- SCAREY
STORY SURE
-- THE
CATCHES.



DR JACKA... AND
MR. H DE WAS ONE
MAN WITH A SP-
PERSONALITY.
SOMETIMES HE
WAS GOOD, AND
OTHER TIMES
BAD... REAL
BAD. GULP

BZZZZ



Worst of a
- BZZZZ -

STOP THAT
TALK AND
FOLLOW ME



ANY TIME I HAVE A FEARS
I GO TO STROCKY RANGER AND
I FEEL BETTER

THAT'S RIGHT,
HE'S OUR HEROIC
PROTECTOR

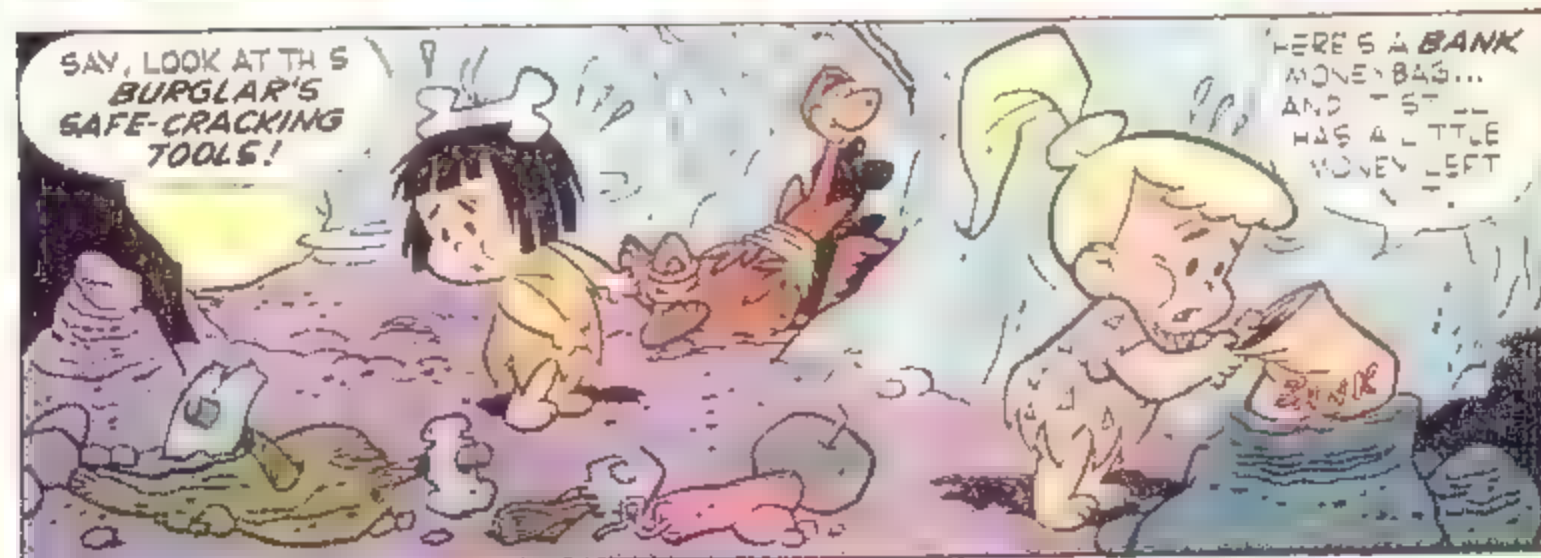
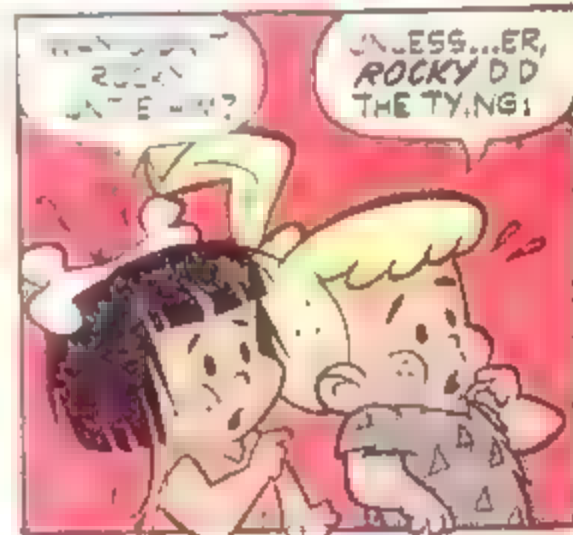
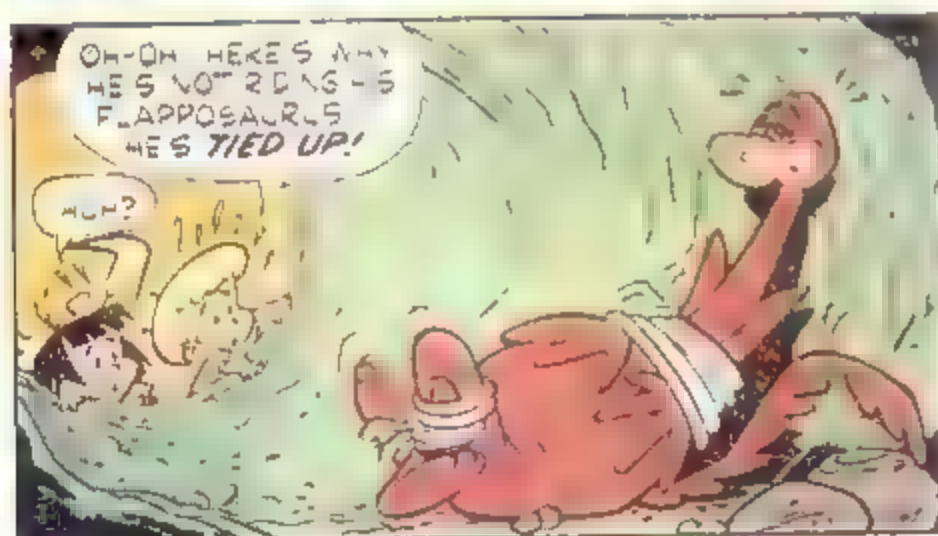
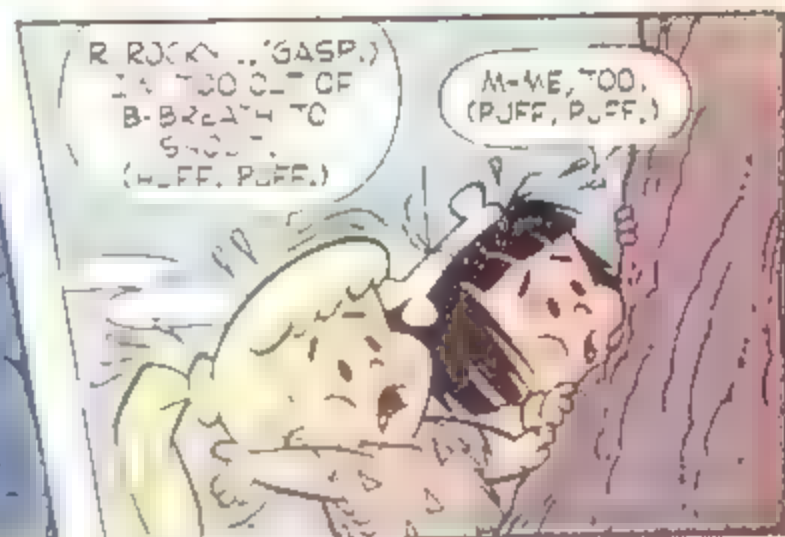
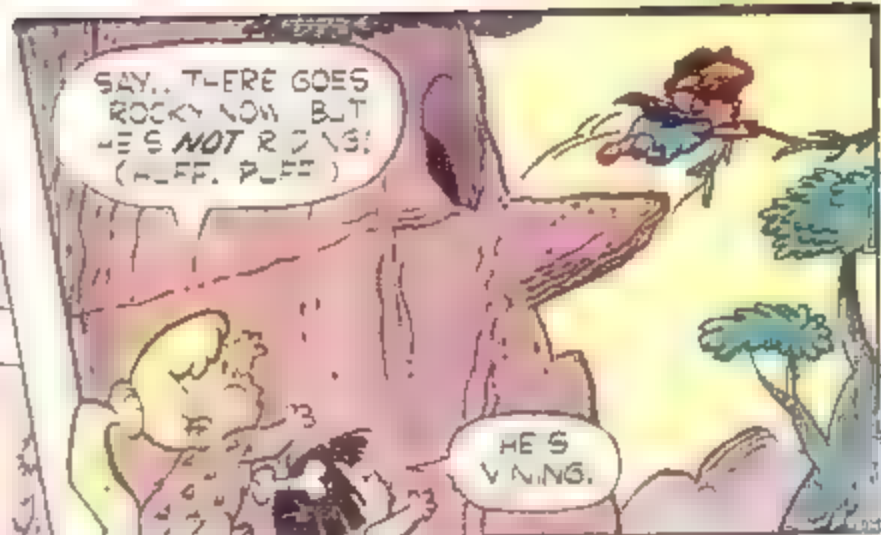


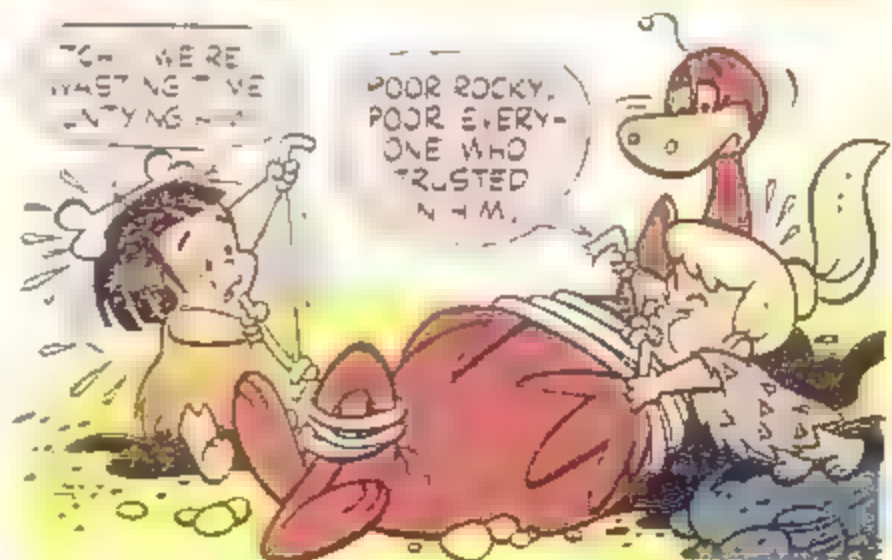
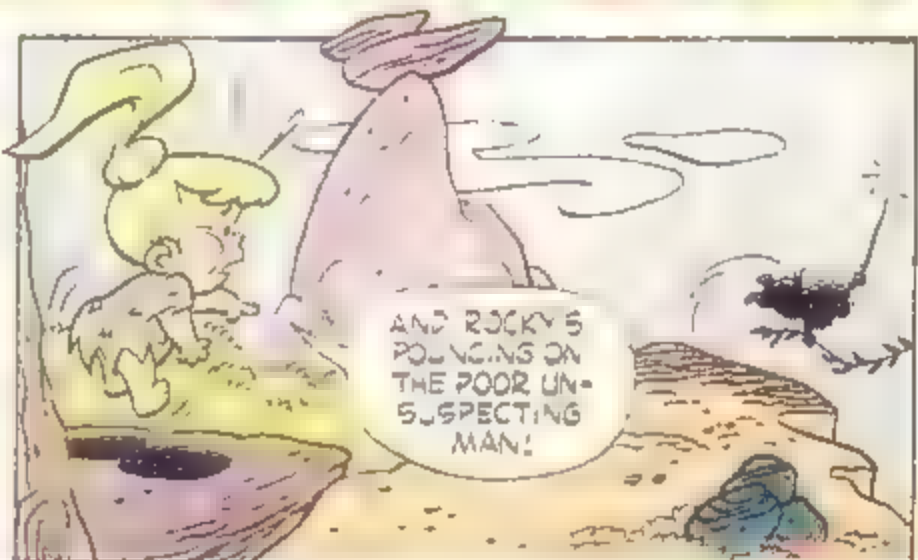
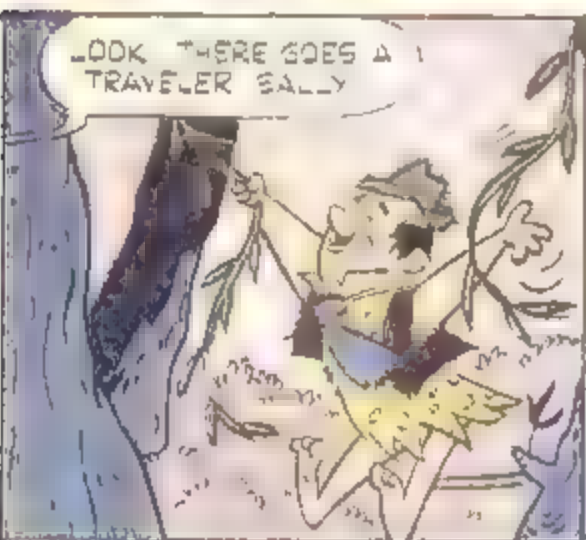
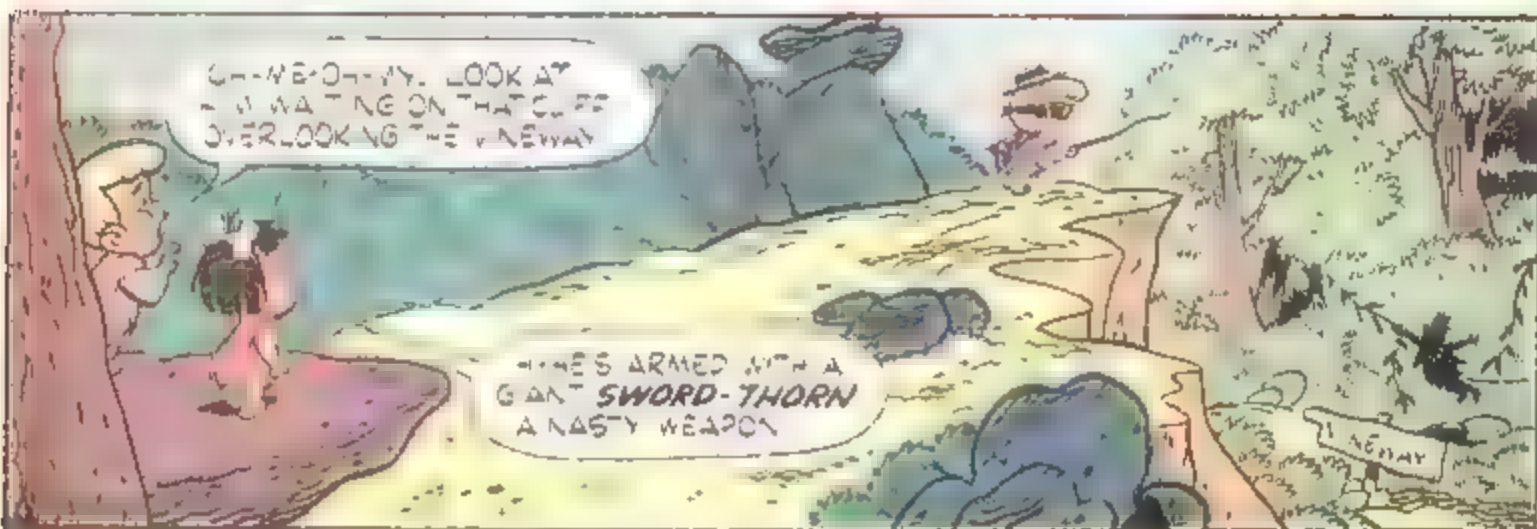
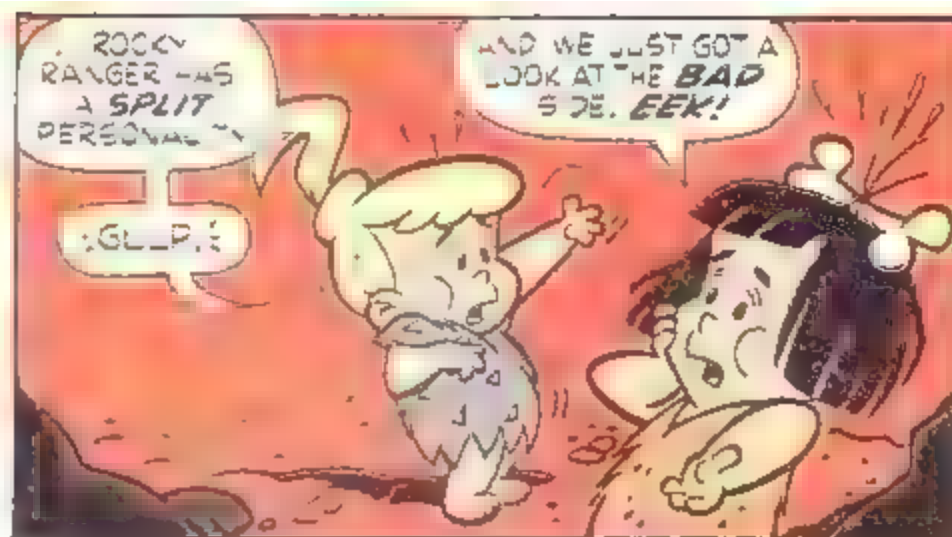
HE WHISTLES
OVER HIS
CONSTANT

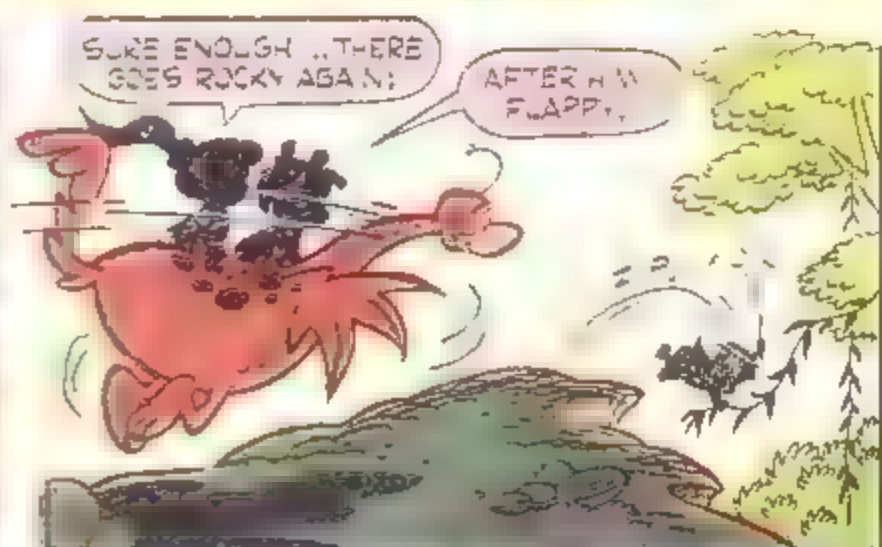
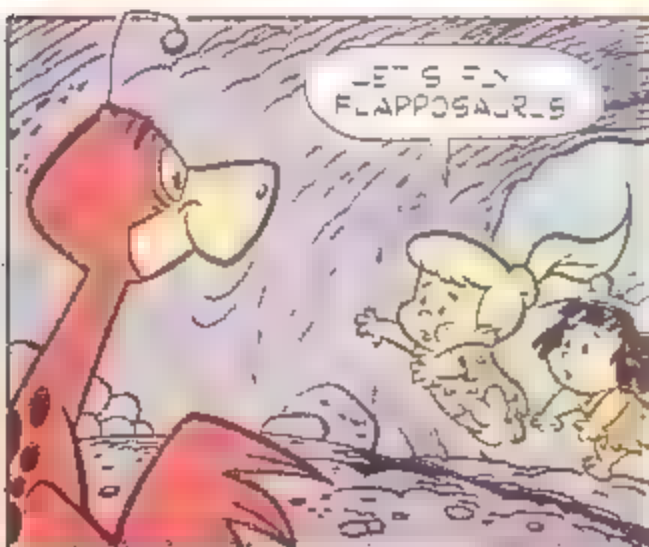
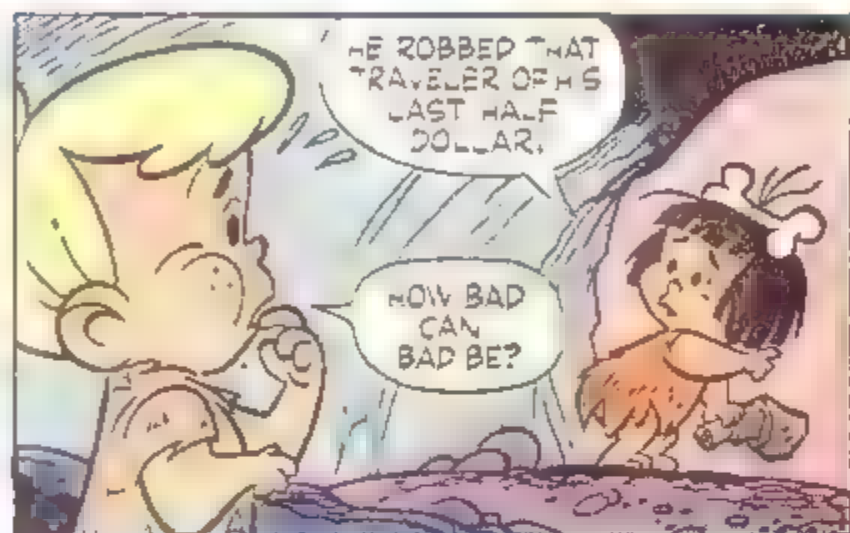
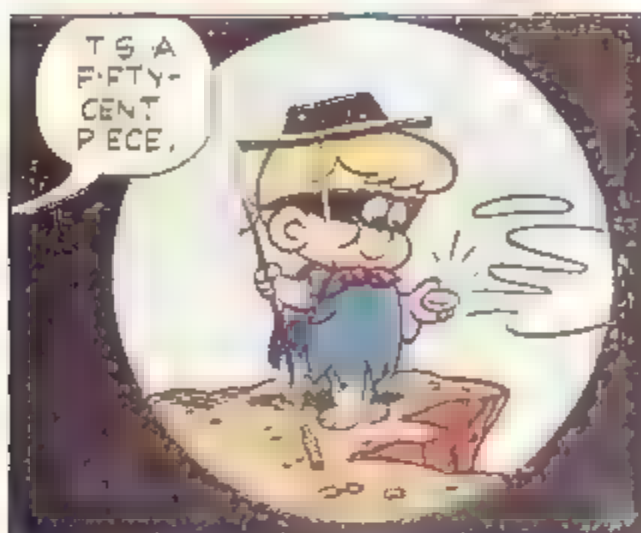
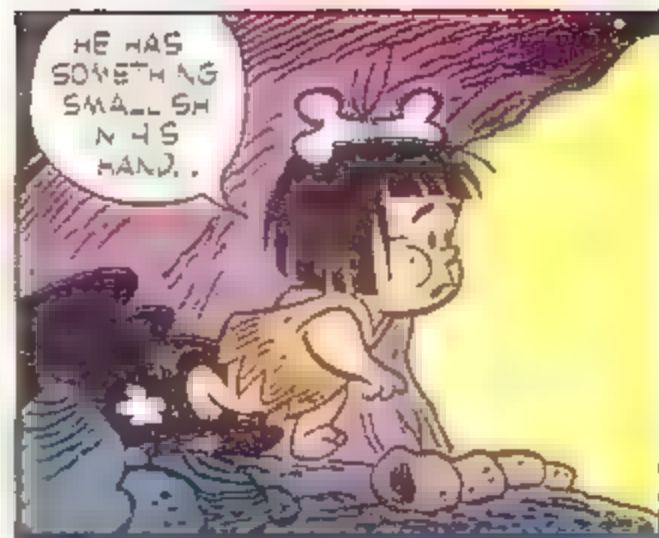
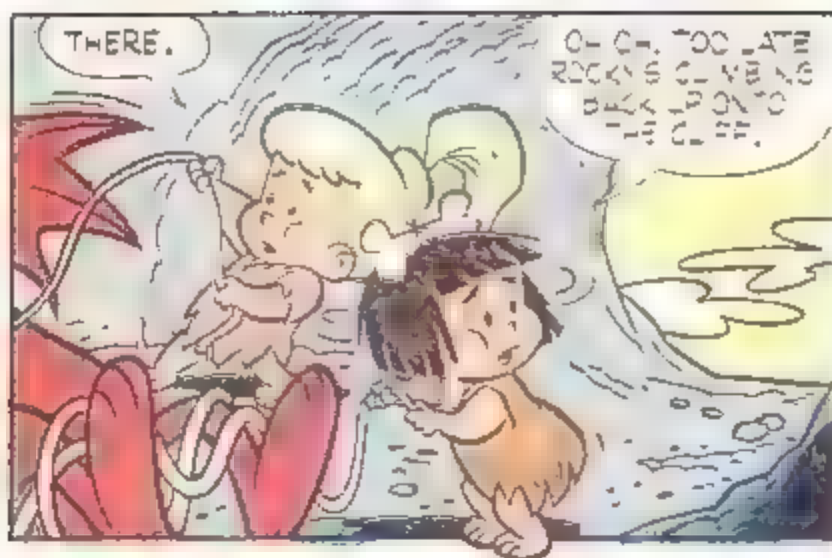
FROM HIS
MOUNTAIN-
TOP CAVE.

NINETY
ROCKS
AHEAD

REDUCE
SPEED







OVER THE CLIFF AND DOWN THE VINE WAY

FLAP!

FLAP!

A comic book panel with a red background. A blonde girl with a ponytail is hitting a boy with a black bow on his head. Two speech bubbles are present: one saying "EEK! CAREFUL, FLAPPY!" and another saying "LOOK OUT!".

BE CAREFUL NOT TOO SMART
ABOUT LATER- LIFE PLANS. I
HAVE TO BE WISE TO KEEP HIM
FROM VOLUNTEERING ON THESE
MISSIONS.

MISSIONS?

